

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 27

The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors.
Office—9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1889.

Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$3.

Whole No. 79

Around Town.

People are becoming very nearly tired of hearing the Jarvis street pavement question discussed, but when tenders were received at \$3.25 per yard the committee which had been boomed the Warren-Scharfe pavement felt very much hurt. They had been the friends of this company from the beginning and expected to have to pay no more than \$2.75 per yard and it was a mean trick for the outfit for which they had been toiling to raise the limit 50 cents at the last minute. Those who imagine that Jarvis street people are unanimous on this question are mistaken. There is a very large number on the street—the majority I imagine—who are sick of being made the plaything of the self-assertive fragment of what was once the committee and of a ravenous company. The opponents of the scheme can be thanked for having already reduced the amount asked to \$2.80 per yard, and there is a great deal of revision yet needed which could be properly done in both the asphalt and paving tenders. It was disheartening when the matter came up for discussion to see how little the committee knew about the details of the scheme they have been urging so vigorously.

The Cronin murder has been the sensational episode of the week. There have been a great many slurs thrown on American justice, but I venture to predict that there will be some necks broken over this affair. When Chicago started in to hang the Anarchists, they hung all they could get an excuse for hanging. When they have a hanging spree over there, they have a good one and no Irish society can save the neck of a man who is proven to have had a hand in the Cronin tragedy. Altogether it is a horrible and disreputable affair. If Cronin were a spy, I admit I would have but little sympathy for him. Though I presume traitors have a right to live, it has been a law in every nation that it is for the good of the state that they die. When this is applied to societies it is quite as just as it is in nations, but it is not legal and there would be a terrible state of affairs if every community were to assert to itself the right to remove those obnoxious to its members or disloyal to its aim. A little boy once writing a composition on murder began: "Murder is a bad habit," and the Irish societies having been suspected of this habit will receive a serious blow if it be proven that Cronin was murdered at the instigation of the Clan-Na-Gael. Yet it would prove but little. There may be bloodthirsty and unscrupulous men at the head of it, while the vast majority of the members are instigated by a blind devotion to Ireland and are stumbling along in the dark seeking to find some way of making her free. Freemasonry was not killed because that society was suspected of having removed Morgan. The aim of the society was not murder, and it would be fair to deal with the same leniency with a society patriotic in its first impulse which may have consented to the crime through its superior officers. We will see what Chicago thinks about it. It has an enormous alien population, yet I will warrant you there are enough true Americans there to hang every cut-throat who had a hand in the Cronin murder.

It is becoming understood that the excitement in Reform circles, indications of which we can see on the surface, means an early appeal to the country by brother Mowat. There is a batch of committees, which is said to indicate a picnic, but really to mean a general campaign, and License Commissioner Ryan is at the head thereof. The cock can't crow too soon for Peter, who will have to hustle through a general election before he reaches his reward as associate Registrar of Toronto. But it is probable that the gentlemen from the constituencies will demand a short session of the Legislature before the election is appealed to. Six hundred dollars indemnity cannot be thrown away these hard times.

The party papers have not sent reporters with the commissioners despatched to examine the state of the French schools in Prescott and Russell, nor have the independent papers done so. I am surprised at this. Public officials and public schools are to be examined and the examination could not be undertaken in private. Reporters would have full access to all facts the commissioners would gain and would be a valuable check on the gentlemen who have undertaken the matter. Are the newspapers afraid that their report would give strength to the commission? They need not expect to criticize the commissioners with any force when they have tacitly admitted that their mission is being well performed, and I am free to confess that in failing to send reporters they are either in pursuit of economy or feel that the work is being properly done.

Talking about schools, the Walkerton Herald is making great complaint and its grievance is being voiced by the daily papers, that the Roman Catholics of that place and thereabouts

are being forced to establish a Separate School against their will, and that the recent provisions made by the Mowat government have made it possible for the priests to tyrannize over them in this matter. I feel certain that the amendment whereby Roman Catholics may be placed on the list as such without their petition is a step in the wrong direction. Every man should be considered a supporter of the Public Schools until he demands a different listing. Now if the priest is to sit by the desk of the assessor and tell him who is to be put on as a supporter of Separate Schools, it makes it necessary for the Roman Catholic to petition against such a classification. This shows how far we are drifting away from the proper idea of citizenship. Who is the assessor, who is the parish priest, and who is the person that he should put down our religious opinions for us and tell what sort of schools we want? There is too much of this religious proxy business. If the people put their souls in charge of the priests and parsons, the latter should certainly give their parishioners a little chance to decide on their temporal education, otherwise we will be left without anything to do by and by except to act as the hired men to those who live in the manse. There is no reason why Walkerton Catholics should be bull-dozed, or why the Catholic population of this country should be driven from what they believe is for their advancement. It has been pointed out

at his own expense. We are paying not only our own share of this sort of thing but three-fifths of \$119,000 (the amount invested by the whole Dominion in such frills), which makes our share about \$72,000 per annum for governors' salaries, while for governors' keep we pay nearly another \$50,000. Altogether we pay \$120,000 a year for that which is of no more use to us than a toothpick would be to a man without any teeth.

Rumor says that the next Pope will be an English-speaking man. It would be too much to hope that he will be an English-thinking man, but it must come to the point when the Church will make some concession to modern thought and the impossibility of retaining medieval discipline in the nineteenth century. Before the twentieth century dawns there will be a change and it will come from within the Roman Church. What is retarding it is too much Protestantism of that variety which is more papistical than Rome itself.

British and American men-of-war are sailing for Behring sea but we need expect no fight. The Yankees have no more right to their contention of a close sea, than I would have, if I issued a proclamation that no one else except myself had a right to do newspaper business in Toronto, and their contention is just as impertinent as mine would be. Under these circumstances the old jingo distich is applicable:

cream and matinee seasons. I would not go so far as to say that separation is apt to make the heart grow fonder—of someone else—but as a rule no one influences an election who is not there to vote. This particular young man left this particular young woman to be cared for by young man No. 2. Young man No. 1 died of typhoid fever. Young man No. 2 did the consolation act with altogether too much assiduity and the result was a shotgun wedding where the choice lay between a marriage and a funeral. Young man No. 2 is now said to be in the asylum, while the young woman is in tears and inconsolable woe. Lovers are apt to think their sweethearts perfection. They are not. They are human, and any trials which may be placed before them are apt to disarrange the perfection theory. Christ taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and there is no season in man's life, or in woman's life, when this section of the Lord's prayer is more applicable than during the "green and salad time" when young people are in love and don't know exactly what is the matter with them. It is a time when parents can very reasonably keep an eye on their children, and when said children can with profit keep an eye on one another, because uniform characters are being subjected to unknown influences, and no one can measure the results.

The Globe is making considerable complaint

serve—could be willing to grant the company the power of using their excessive profits to drive other lighting companies from the city, thus using what is really the consumers money to prevent the consumer from obtaining cheaper light.

The excitement in Presbyterian circles over the proposed revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith has a more than sectarian meaning. It seems to me to be a revolt against the assumption that a clerical council can define the orbit in which a man's mind may revolve without resulting in the damnation of his soul. The Northern Assembly of the Presbyterians of the United States are sending out questions (1) "Do you favor a revision of the Confession of Faith?" (2) "If so in what respects, and to what extent?" If I were sending out these questions I would add a third enquiry (3) "Why?" and would proceed to answer them thus.

First, "I desire a revision of the Confession of Faith." Second, "In every respect and to the extent of abolishing it." Third, for the following reasons: It was composed by human and uninspired minds. It is unscriptural, and in many respects the most inhuman, unjustifiable and horrible conception of divinity which has been evolved by any mind in any century, in the darkness of any age or by the fiercest pagans of the most blood-thirsty code. I unhesitatingly state that if it were incumbent upon me to accept the Westminster Confession of Faith in its entirety or abandon the Bible, without a moment's consideration I would accept the latter alternative. But I deny that any such alternative can be forced upon me, for I deny the Westminster Confession while adhering to what I esteem a soul-saving faith in God the Father, in His Son Jesus Christ, and everlasting life through Him. No human being possessed of the slightest idea of justice or love can subscribe to the third article, viz.:

By the decree of God for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated to everlasting life and others fore-ordained to everlasting death; nor can any one who has ever known the instincts which prompt men to honor or hold them fast to justice subscribe to No 4:

These angels and men predestinated and fore-ordained are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

Also No. 5:
V. These of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to His eternal and immutable purpose and the secret counsel and good pleasure of His will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of His mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions, or causes moving Him thereto, and all to the praise of His glorious grace.

Or No. 6:
VI. As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so hath He, by the eternal and most free purpose of His will, fore-ordained all the means thereunto. Wherefore they who are elected being fallen in Adam are redeemed by Christ: are effectually called into faith in Christ by His Spirit working in due season; are justified, adopted, sanctified, and kept by His powers through faith unto salvation. Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified and saved but the elect only.

Or of all things ever written by Christian or pagan, No. 7:

VII. The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of His own will, whereby He extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth for the glory of His sovereign power over His creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, and to the praise of His glorious justice.

Note, brethren and friends, the last line of No. 7 "to the praise of His glorious justice." If I had been born in order to be sent to hell "by the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory and to the praise of His glorious justice" for something I could not do or could not help doing, I feel justified in saying I would pound upon the sooty doors of my infernal prison and make the blackened and gloomy caverns of hell re-echo with my shrieks of: "Unjust! unjust!" And it does not diminish the force of these words if they were originated by the greatest infidel who now lives. It is such doctrines as this which drive men from Christianity into the darkness and doubt of unbelief. I believe the Westminster Confession of Faith has driven more men into agnosticism than all the books of Voltaire and Paine, all the lectures of Ingersoll or the insidious attacks of such historians as Froide. I hold that these articles are nothing but blasphemy, that the conception of a God which would do such things, who would damn a man before time began and permit him to suffer through the countless cycles of eternity, is more horrible than the creed which leads mothers to throw their babies into the arms of a blazing Moloch or prompts the bloody sacrifice beneath the wheels of Juggernaut. When a mother gives up her child to the fire of sacrifice she believes she insures its eternal salvation and assists in her own, but when a man subscribes to a creed which says that his fellow man was born to be damned and to suffer time without end, he has but intensified a million fold the pagan idea that God glories in blood, and seeks to damn



THE OLD AMANUENSIS.

"We do not want to fight, but by fingo if we do we've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too."

Mr. McMullen, M.P., when addressing his constituents at an anti-Jesuit meeting, made a good point when he said: "The Reform party was jammed in the worst corner he ever remembered to have seen it." Possibly it was, but it has been jammed in some very hard corners, and take it all round it is in a corner now, and it is very much "jammed" in this province. But he is right when referring to the fulsome adulation indulged in by Mr. Mercier when addressing the Pope and Cardinals at Rome, that he did not think the Act was unconstitutional on this ground. "If," said he, "the Pope's name in the bill detracted from the dignity of the Queen, it would be disallowed, but they had the Governor General in Canada, to whom they paid \$113,000 annually, who was here to support the dignity of the Queen and look after the interests of her subjects against encroachment of this kind," and if he didn't attend to his business, Mr. McMullen thought that it should not devolve on any representative of the people. Pretty good point, eh?

The social tragedy in the west end is but another proof that no man can leave his best girl in charge of a friend in safety. "Best girls" are apt to be too easily consoled for the absence of a lover, and "best friends" are too apt to provide the consolation. There is a song which alleges that a man's best friend is his mother and if I were to write a companion piece it would be that a lover's best friend is himself, and that if he wants the job attended to, he had better be there or thereabouts constantly, because human nature is weak and pretty girls don't want to be left alone during the ice

that the Citizens' Committee is being conducted like a secret society. If this complaint is well founded there is every reason for the citizens loosing confidence in the committee. It is an indefensible proceeding for a Citizens' Committee to do business with a tyler at the door. The committee supposed to act for the citizens should let the citizens know how they are acting.

At the City Council last Monday evening a number of very estimable aldermen made a strong fight in favor of the Consumers' Gas Co. receiving the privilege of laying wires for the purpose of electric lighting. Chairman Shaw made an exhaustive speech and placed figures before the public which must thoroughly convince every thoughtful reader that legislation intended to protect the consumers has been turned by the company into a means of diverting their earnings in excess of the legitimate dividends into two reserve funds, and that they are anxious to go into the electric lighting business for the purpose of using up such further excessive earnings as cannot be provided for in the two funds already established. When the people recollect that the law provides after a certain dividend is reached the price of gas must be reduced, they will understand that the privileges granted the company of extending its business into a new channel will make this protective clause inoperative. Thus the Gas Company will accomplish two objects, first providing themselves with a new outlet for their excessive profits; secondly, by being such competitors of other electric lighting companies that they can finally drive all opposition from the field and have the illuminating of Toronto entirely in their own hands. I cannot conceive how anyone understanding this—except those who have a sinister purpose to

and delights in destruction. When we look about on this beautiful earth and see the rain falling on the fields of the just and unjust alike, when we see even those who are the enemies of the Creator prosperous and content, when we see the thoughtless laughing at the love of Christ and the hardened refusing to hear and yet receiving the blessings that God showered upon them, can we believe that He has ordained any section of humanity to everlasting torture and eternal woe "for the manifestation of His glory, and to the praise of His glorious justice?" Never! I believe in a God of love—a God of justice, not in a furious and revengeful Deity. If it so be that these decrees only provided for a thousand such terrible deaths, nay, if there were but one hundred, even ten or not more than one such sacrifice, could we love a God who would take one man, one weak and helpless creature who was born unable to resist His awful decrees, unable to save himself from this frightful torture, and place him in the scalding fires of the bottomless pit? Supposing that a father were to take one of his children, a helpless babe, and place it on a red-hot stove for one instant, would not the law devised by what mankind esteems justice mete out a severe punishment? Would not every instinct of humanity mark him as a fiend who should be separated from his kind? But if he were to place that child on a red-hot stove for five minutes and hear it cry and sizzle and listen to its screams for mercy, for succor, unaltered and unmoved, would not the neighbors burst in upon him and put him to death? Would he not be held up to public execration as a demon who was unworthy of the name of a man? But if it were within his power to inflict upon that child such punishment for a year or five years and persist in it, the whole world would rise up and seek his life. But if he had it in his power to make this torture last forever and so ordain it "for the manifestation of his glory and to the praise of his glorious justice," he would be ostracized by every one of his kind: no one would speak to him: mothers would whisper his name with a curdling of their blood, and fathers would wish they could put him to death. Yet the Confession of Faith would have us believe that God has ordained a large section of mankind to tortures of which we cannot conceive, to years of utterable woe which the finite mind cannot number "to the praise of His glorious justice." If this be true, why are Calvinists preaching at all? Is it to benefit those who are going to hell anyway, or merely to prepare the elect for Heaven?

I recollect a story which I told once before in print related by a preacher in combating this doctrine. It is this: The idea of predestination supposes that in heaven there is an enormous windlass from which a rope with a hook on the end is let down to dangle among the men on earth until it catches one of the elect and then the angels begin to wind it up. The man grabs at the grass and bushes and says "I don't want to go up." He seizes hold of tree tops and the crags of the mountains and tries to cling to earth but the instructions are to wind him up, and after all his struggling and fighting the rope of the windlass is finally wound up and the man is taken off the hook and receives the salutation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." This very well illustrates the other side of the question, that if some men are to be damned for what they cannot do or help doing, others are to be saved not for what they have done, but because they were born for salvation. A more monstrous idea of reward and punishment never crept into the literature of any age or nation. Nothing so kills the impulse in the human heart in a struggle for the beautiful and the good as a belief that no matter what we do the result will be the same. If I believed I was born to be saved I would have just as good a time on earth as I could no matter what I did. If I believed I was born to be damned I would have nothing to restrain me from doing evil. I believe I am here to work out my own salvation and through Christ's sacrifice I can reach God if I will, and bad as I may be, I believe through the Redeemer's atonement and God's mercy I shall not fall into condemnation.

Society.

Toronto's fashionable world turned out en masse at the Ontario Jockey Club's spring meeting, on Friday and Saturday of last week. The weather was everything that could be desired, the result being perfect enjoyment on everybody's part. Perhaps there were some disappointments with the results of the races, for the greater portion of the spectators went in for betting and sweepstakes and every one could not draw the winning horse. The grand western stand presented a gay appearance. It was not a sprinkling of the fair sex, but a large gathering which filled the seats to their utmost capacity. Such faces and such dresses as were there were a dream to behold. Some of the most noticeable are the following: Mrs. G. A. Kirkpatrick of Kingston wore a handsome Ruddyore brocade, with a turban of the same shade which was remarkably becoming; Miss Homer Dixon had on a pretty marble blue Liberty silk flowered with white, and a piquant little toque composed of white lilac; Miss Mabel Howard never looked better than on this occasion, wearing a directoire striped silk costume, corn color and light blue, the vest of plain corn color embroidered in gold, and a pretty little tulle bonnet of the same shade; Mrs. Nordheimer looked well in a black lace bonnet over white and a gray satin gown, a handsome smoke grey plush wrap was donned when the cool breezes blew; Miss Campbell wore a simple dress of fawn cashmere and a becoming black lace hat, with pale pink roses; Miss Prince, white nun's veiling; Miss Small, gray cashmere, white silk vest, gray tulle bonnet; Miss Langmuir, cream white satin, white turban trimmed with velvet and pink roses; Miss Gardiner, gray and white striped frock with hat of the two shades; Mrs. Torrance, pale green dress and a jaunty little hat of the same color with a wreath of pink flowers; Mrs. Arthur Spragge, lemon-colored

hat and gown; Mrs. Charles Riordon, a handsome apple green costume covered with black lace and bonnet of white and green flowers; Miss Bunting, directoire coat, fitting perfectly, of French gray and white stripes, white vest and white sailor hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs. Bunting, black satin with bead trimming and a bonnet of violets; Miss Birchall, directoire coat of pale fawn color with light blue plaid trimming it and straw bonnet with blue ribbon bows; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, gray moire and white feather bonnet; Mrs. Edwards, blue dress and white lilac hat; Mrs. Morrison, pearl gray satin covered with black lace, and bonnet of the same with white flowers; Mrs. Cattanaach's cadet blue silk brocade in white was a very tasteful gown, and with this she wore a bonnet made entirely of lilies of the valley; Miss Castle of Cobourg, black and white lace with hat to match; Mrs. Alexander Allan of Brockville, white flannel with gold lace, white tulle hat and gold; Miss Currie of Detroit, orange corded silk, and Leghorn hat trimmed with the same colored silk; Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, mauve silk, bonnet of violets; Miss Katie Merritt, gray costume; Miss Morris looked very well in a Ruddyore costume and bonnet of the same color; Mrs. John Wright, black and white silk, lace bonnet, white flowers; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, salmon colored mervellous, trimmed with biscuit colored lace; Mrs. Gamble, black watered silk, tulle bonnet; Mrs. Moffatt, green plaid cloak, lace hat, white and green flowers; Miss Rutherford, pale blue and pink silk, bonnet to match; Miss Maude Rutherford, light green frock, straw hat trimmed with green; Miss Walker, striped gray and white directoire costume, black lace hat with pale flowers; Miss Spratt, black satin gown; Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Crawford, the Misses Boulton, Miss D'Arcy Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred O. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Miss Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Mallock, Miss Morris, Dr. Strange, the Misses MacKellar, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Miss Wilkie, Miss Bethune, Mr. D. O. Brooke, Mr. C. E. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanaach, Chief Justice Galt, Mrs. Percy Galt, Miss Dods, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, Miss Wragge, Mr. Fox, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Mr. John Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Miss Isabel Mackenzie and scores of others whom the daily papers have already mentioned.

The dance given by Mrs. Alexander Cameron, on the evening of the Queen's birthday, was a brilliant success. This well-equipped mansion has so often been described before that it is unnecessary to do it now. The arrangements on Friday night were perfect in every detail. All the mantel pieces on the first floor were one mass of bloom. Cut flowers of several characters, such as carnations, apple blossoms, roses, and horse chestnut blossoms, were

heaped up on those shelves, completely disguising the actual mantels. The rich perfume from these productions of conservatory and garden was most refreshing. There were no programmes, so the guests were told as they left the dressing-rooms. The announcement created a little disappointment at first to some, for many had made up their lists at the races, during the afternoon. But later on in the evening everybody confessed their delight at the absence of these bothersome little cards. As the guests were very late in arriving, in consequence of having been delayed at the Woodbine track till seven and after—9:30 was the hour Mrs. Cameron's invitations said—but few appeared till ten, and from that hour till eleven o'clock, there was a continuous stream of carriages depositing their precious loads at the entrance of 64 Carlton street. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron received their guests in the library, and welcomed each comer with a hearty shake of the hand. Toronto has few hostesses who are so skilful at making their guests enjoy themselves as this charming lady. About a hundred received invitations, some of these were the Hon. G. A. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Mr. E. C. and the Misses Rutherford, the Misses Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Howard, Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce MacDonald, Miss Seymour of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Miss Bethune, Mr. and Miss McInnis of Hamilton, Mr. Boulton, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mr. Montagu Allan of Montreal, Mr. Colin Campbell of Montreal, Mr. and Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Torrance, Mr. C. A. Pipon, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanaach, Messrs. and Miss Langmuir, Miss Ince, Miss Prince, Miss Cassels of Cobourg, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Mr. and Miss Spratt, Messrs. Gates and Bruce of Hamilton, Mr. Michie, Miss Ritchie of Ottawa, the Misses Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crowthers, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Broderick Mr. Harvey of Hamilton, Mr. Jukes of Hamilton, Mr. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Miss Parsons, Mr. Holley, Mr. Morrow, Mr. Armour, Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. R. Moffatt, Mr. Mervyn McKenzie, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Miss Madge Ince, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Beardmore, Miss Small, Miss Merritt, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. Victor Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Dickson Patterson.

Mrs. Nordheimer wore a handsome prune velvet gown en train, with pale mauve feathers; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, black and gold brocade; Miss Seymour of Port Hope, white satin and tulle; Miss Bethune, black lace and jet; Mrs. Cattanaach, heliotrope satin, diamond and pearl ornaments; Mrs. Cameron, handsome blue brocade, feather head dress, exquisite diamond necklace; Mrs. Neil Boulton, light blue silk, long train, feather trimmings; Mrs. Torrance, red satin bodice, red tulle skirt, feathers to match; Miss Langmuir, cream mervellous; Miss Prince, white net dress; Mrs. Edwards, gold and blue brocade silk; Miss Parsons, olive green velvet bodice, steel fringe, tulle skirt same shade; Miss Cassels, white satin and tulle; Miss Ince, pale heliotrope satin with cream folds; Mrs. W. Ince, white tulle skirt, watered silk body and ribbons, pearls and diamonds; Miss Birchall, pale blue and silver brocade; Miss Marjorie Campbell, black lace and yellow ribbons; Miss McInnis, white silk and net; Miss Amy Beatty, pale flesh color satin, with train, diamonds; Miss Bunting looked lovely in white satin and tulle, carrying a large cluster of blush roses; Mr. Alfred Cameron, pale blue satin, fitting exquisitely, diamonds and pearls; Miss Spratt, yellow and white silk; Mrs. Green, orange satin covered literally with black silk lace; Mrs. D. Armour, white moire and tulle; Miss Rutherford, eau de Nile satin and pale pink combined; Miss Violet Larratt-Smith, white and yellow Liberty silk, trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Henry Moffatt wore a becoming pale blue tulle, with moire bodice; Miss Mabel Gilmore, pale pink silk.

Miss McInnis of Hamilton, and her brother are staying with their aunt, Mrs. James Strachan, on Richmond street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Catto, with their daughter, start for Europe to-day.

Mr. Victor Cawthra leaves us again in a few days for a trip abroad. He will be absent several months.

Miss Ethel Miller left last Monday for a year's trip in Germany.

Miss Morris of Guelph is staying with Mrs. Clarkson Jones, St. Joseph street.

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's pretty face will be seen amongst us in a few days.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick has returned this week to her home at Kingston, and to the sorrow of a large part of Toronto society, the hospitable doors of Chestnut Park are once more closed. Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Meyrick Banks are expected back from the continent in August, and if his health allows him, Sir David will spend the autumn and first portion of the winter in town.

In spite of the dearth of balls, presumably the best incentives to such events, the number of spring engagements has been unusually large. Next to a wedding, society loves the news of a betrothal, and mainly because it affords so inexhaustible a subject of comment. The suitability of the match or its reverse; the ill-luck of the bridegroom-elect or the good fortune of his mistress; the good qualities of the one and the bad ditto of the other; the ways and means of both or either. All such questions can be so variously treated and considered, and are regarded from so many points of view, that it is no wonder society welcomes an occasion for them and makes the most of it. A man or woman engaged is fair prey. Everybody who knows either of them, and many who know neither, have strong opinions about both of them and are always ready to express all they think.

Another engagement in which society has been particularly interested is that of Capt. Macdougall of the New Port, to Miss Hawke of Toronto.

Again another about which society has had much to say is that of Mr. Hollier of the Bank of Montreal, Toronto, to Miss Castle of Cobourg. The gentleman is the energetic secretary of many clubs and is one of the most promising of Toronto lawn tennis players, while the lady is a sister of a popular *dame de societe* of this place, and has been a frequent and welcome visitor to Toronto for some years past.

The names of Mr. Kenneth Moffatt of the Bank of British North America of Toronto, and Miss Monahan, also of this city, make my list of engagements complete for this week. Other names there are, but until a betrothal is definitely and publicly announced, I will not publish it, and so—patience.

It is seldom that the New York *Herald* bureau cables an item to the *Mail* of greater interest to Toronto society than one which appeared last Monday, Mr. E. B. Ward and Mrs. Ward nee Miss Edie Hugel have arrived at the Metropole where the *Herald* has apparently interviewed them, and where they are the observed of all observers. I had understood that Toronto was to be their home, and hope that the ubiquitous interviewer erred when he stated that they had named New York as the place of their future residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce of Southampton, Eng., are one of the first of the many English travelers whom Toronto society, or that part of it which is left after the exodus has commenced, will welcome during the coming summer.

Mrs. Otter and Miss Robinson have returned to town from Muskoka, but it will not be long before the latter seeks her favorite lake once more.

The Caledonia Rink on Mutual street is not often a fashionable resort, but it will certainly become so on the evenings in June when Gilmore's band, with his imposing array of singers and the Philharmonic Society will perform there. The enterprise of the latter society in having secured so great an attraction is much appreciated, and I have heard of more than one party of fashionables who are actually deferring their departure from town in order to be present at these concerts.

How is it that the riding craze has waned? For several years past at this time riding parties among the *elite* were frequent and always delightful, while this spring there have been hardly any of note. It is true that many of the

leaders of this equestrian movement are at present bewitching other parts of the world with their horsemanship, but plenty of people who love the saddle and know how to sit a horse still remain. The roads to High Park are as soft and sandy as ever, and the rides of that rider's paradise are as springy as of yore.

At this time the large contingent of Torontonians who have been wintering on the continent have assembled either in London for the season or in Paris for the Exposition. The glades of High Park know them no more, but those of them who are equestrians are doubtless doing "The Row" or "The Bois." The Misses Yarker have deserted Dresden and are in London. There are no riders like the English, but Miss Maude Yarker will not disgrace her country. By her side, in Hyde Park, Miss Jones will doubtless be riding sometimes, and all who have seen this lady hunting the aniseed over the stiff country of the Toronto foxhounds, will feel sure that her nerve and her seat will do credit to Toronto. Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, too, must be gracing the back of a nag in some quarter of the globe, and Mr. Benjamin Cronyn is no doubt showing Englishmen that some Canadians can ride.

A most enjoyable tea was given on Thursday afternoon by Mrs. H. V. Greene, Grange avenue, in honor of Miss Macbeth of London, who is staying for a short time in Toronto. Mrs. Greene is to be congratulated on the very good taste displayed in the arrangement of her pretty little house. Some of those I saw enjoying themselves were Mrs. McCullough, the Misses Osler, Brough, DuMoulin, Seymour, Maddie Spratt, Parsons, Rutherford, Huskins, Beatty, Stewart, Darling, Messrs. Morrow, Moffatt (the Pirate King), Percy Hodgins, McMurray, DuMoulin, Stewart Morrison, Armour, and others.

The following account of the wedding of a prominent citizen of Port Hope, Ont., I clip from the New York *World*: The last gay scenes in the history of the grand old mansion in Jersey City, known since 1759 as Retirement Hall, were those attending the wedding of Miss May Hudspeth, sister of Robert Hudspeth, Speaker of the New Jersey House of Assembly, and Mr. Harvey Hall of Canada, which took place Thursday evening. It has been one of the most famous mansions in New Jersey as the home of the Gautiers and Vreelands. But of the twenty marriages solemnized within its gray walls, none has exceeded in interest the first and the last. In July, 1772, Capt. Tom Brown, the builder of the mansion, gave his sweet-faced young daughter Mary to eighteen-year-old Francis Gautier, a gay young Columbia College student. The wedding was one of the greatest events of the year in colonial society. Scores of guests from the city and neighboring villages journeyed to the hall by coach and barge, and the wide halls and parlors teemed with life. Ancient chroniclers tell of the rich costumes of gentlemen and ladies in glowing terms, and all agree that the festivities were marvelous in their extravagance. The guests danced all night on the oaken floors, while the light of scores of colored lamps glittered on the crooning waters of the bay and the belles and beaux of the two colonies vied with each other in the graceful movements of the stately minuet. While 117 years have been passing brides of every generation have breathed their vows in the wide hallway, but the first wedding there has remained the most brilliant. Thursday evening the last bride of Retirement Hall passed down the winding oaken staircase and through the wide hall to plight her troth. The hall was profusely decorated with spring flowers and a great bell of fragrant blossoms hung at the further end. The bridal party were met beneath the flowers by Rev. C. D. Chapman, of Grace P. E. Church, who conducted the ceremony. Speaker Hudspeth gave the bride away and Miss Tiny Scott acted as bridesmaid. The bride looked lovely in a beautiful gown of white satin and lace. The guests ranged about the old hall, the kneeling pair beneath the apple blossoms and the romantic appearance of antiquity on every side made the scene a memorably pretty one. After the ceremony the happy pair received congratulations and the guests danced and feasted until morning. Mr. and Mrs. Hall left at midnight for Canada, where they will live.

Society will be at Sleepy Hollow to day, where Mrs. Beverly Robinson gives an At Home. The favored ones who are bidden there are anticipating the event with great pleasure, for few hostesses compare with Mrs. Robinson in the art of receiving.

Society will be glad to hear of Mr. Edin Howard's return from England last Monday, after an absence of some months. The family will shortly leave for their summer residence in Muskoka.

The garden party to be given at Mrs. Larratt-Smith's residence, North Toronto, this afternoon, promises to be a brilliant affair and largely attended.

Mrs. Nicol Kingsmill of Yorkville avenue gave an At Home last Wednesday afternoon to her friends. A great many invitations had been issued but owing to the heavy rain a great many were kept at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ridout of Colborne are staying with his mother at her residence cor. Macpherson avenue and Yonge street, North Toronto.

A very entertaining concert was given last evening by the members of the Choral Class of Loretto Convent in honor of Very Rev. Father Laurent.

Frank Houp, Supreme Treasurer Royal Adelaide, spent a few days in the city, the guest of A. B. Seltzer, Supreme Commander.

IMMENSE SUCCESS
LINDSAY LEANOR'S GRAND SONG
Love's Golden Dream
The average sale of this song in London exceed 2500 copies weekly. Its success is almost unprecedented. It is sung by Miss Reeves, Marie Rose and hosts of other soloists. Everyone can play it. Everyone sings it. All like it. **PRICE 30 CTS.—IN KEYS TO SUIT ALL VOICES.**

LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM WALTZ
By Theo. Bonheur. Beautifully Illustrated. Price 75c.
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association
13 Richmond Street West, Toronto
Catalogues free on application

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

Gold Filled
Silver
Watches
Watches
Watches

Only those, which from personal experience I know to be fine timekeepers. **E. BEETON**, High Grade Watch Specialist, opp. Post Off. e.

DRESS and FASHION

MISS E. & H. JOHNSTON
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKERS
117 KING STREET WEST

This famous house is unrivalled in Toronto for the Select Style, Variety, Beauty and Novelty of its Goods. For strictly moderate charges it cannot be surpassed.

Bilton Bros.

Tailors and Furnishers
Have received their Spring and Summer

HALF HOSE

AND

UNDERWEAR

Good Reliable Goods at Moderate Prices

A beautiful lot of

WELCH, MARGETSON & CO'S

SCARFS

IN STOCK

69 King Street West

Excursion to Paris

A special party, under charge of Mr. F. C. Clark, U. S. Vice-Consul at Jerusalem, will leave on June 27 for a 14 weeks' trip to London and the Exposition. First-class throughout, including hotel expenses, \$165. Send for programmes.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Agent Gaze & Sons, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

MISS M. MORRISON

41 KING STREET WEST

Is now showing a choice and varied assortment of

New Millinery Goods

To which inspection is invited.

The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also, being under able management.

TENNIS SUITS

We make up White Tennis Suits at

\$10.50, \$12, \$14, \$16

Fancy Stripe Tennis Coats made to order

A LINE IN STOCK AT \$2.50 EACH

See Our Assortment

WHEATON & CO.

17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

SPRING 1889
French Millinery Emporium, 43 King St. West. (Opp. Mail Office, first floor)

We will be prepared on and after the 13th inst. to show our spring importations in trimmed and untrimmed millinery, flowers, feathers and novelties.

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.
(Formerly of No. 1 Romain House Block.)

W. F. ROSS & CO.
ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE
STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Carnival in Buenos Aires.

BUENOS AIRES, March 14, '88.

On the first day, Sunday, early in the morning, people were seen in fancy dresses. Many of them were dressed to represent animals: in fact one might have thought old Noah had discharged the cargo of the Ark in our streets, but that there was no Ararat among them. The citizens had three days holiday in which they could do anything in reason without fear of the police. Men dressed as women and vice versa. "Avisos" were posted on the walls to the effect that the throwing of water and rice would not be allowed, and that the license of the public carriages was suspended. The latter clause allowed the owners of carriages to make their own prices and \$250 for the carnival or \$50 per night was freely paid. Passing through the streets I noticed a freedom about everything which is very unusual in this city. Windows which were always closed to the public, were open; and while children pelted those passing, their parents and pretty sisters sat by and praised the good shots of the youngsters, the ammunition was balls of finely cut paper, which burst when they struck their mark. In some of the windows the children were large, but they enjoyed the sport—possibly they had elder sisters at home and had to appear youthful. Do you know I prefer to be hit by a pretty girl of seventeen, even if in short frocks, than by a child.

The city was trimmed by contract, and the streets being but forty feet in width can be trimmed to advantage. There were five arches of gas lights to each square in the carnival streets. Each arch had thirty globed lights and from the arches were festooned wreaths of eucalyptus leaves, between hung the flags of all nations in hundreds. At the corners were stands, high above the streets, for the military band. At six p.m. carnival was declared open and the cosso was formed. On this night there were four thousand carriages in the cosso, and on Monday four thousand five hundred. Many of the carriages and horses were beautifully trimmed with flowers, real or artificial, plush, hair tassels and bells. One horse had electric lights in the rosettes on his bridle, also in the tassels on his back and the brush on his head. Many had bells on their feet. You might mention this to B. M. and W. H. B. They might introduce it in your city. It is quite a new idea you know. The ladies wore small black masks. Many were in evening dress—very much so as they appeared from the balcony of the club. I suppose they were passing the time until the hour for the opening of the ball in the Progresso Club and they enjoyed themselves throwing flowers or balls of paper at friends or strangers, as they were secured from recognition behind their masks. The natives think it great fun to ape the Englishmen, and without doubt they did it well. They drove high dog-carts, wore clothing with large stripes or checks, tall hats, glass in eye, etc. Even the small boys understood it and cried out Ingleses. The societies in the procession had bands of all kinds. The native drum is in the form of an old-fashioned churn the bottom or larger end being covered with skin, on this they play with their hands and the music is dreadful. Some of the bands of guitars, mandolins and violins were well worth listening to. The uniforms were of every kind from the plush and gold lace to the cotton of the clown. The most comical rig in the procession was an American trotting horse and sulky, driven by a girl in the airy costume of a danseuse. Among those walking, possibly, the man and woman in Mar del Plata bathing suits attracted the most attention. Monday passed much the same as Sunday, fun for the children all day with cosso and balls in the evening. Tuesday all was dull, and the rain which fell in torrents put a stop to cosso, etc. The balls were, however, largely patronized. For those in the clubs invitations were required, but to those in the theaters money would gain for you admission. The idea formed of the carnival by your correspondent is that there was a Sabbath day badly cracked, if not broken, two days which brought no grist to mill, days in which the bulls and bears played together, in which the gold rate was unchanged. I may add for the benefit of those who make life a burden to themselves by endeavoring to pass, or have passed, laws to reform men who, in their opinion, take too much liquor that in this city of half a million inhabitants where liquor is as free as confectionery, no special license being required for the sale of liquor, I did not see one intoxicated person during the carnival. License is useful for revenue only, and should be the same on all stores if necessary for revenue purposes. Build a fence around any special article and people, like animals, will try and get through or over it.

Reflections of an Urban Cow.

ERE on a scant square yard of sickly grass,
All day I stand—happy I try to feel,
Watching the white clouds down the blue skies pass,
Dreams of the country o'er my spirit steal;
For me rose no bright green slope adorns
No haunts make for me a breezy nook,
N'er in the air I gaily toss my horns,
And muse knee-deep in any crystal brook.
I see no snowy clover zephyr-fanned,
Nor white-aleveed moosers in their great straw-hats.
In this squalid shadow o'er I stand,
Serenely "gazing aghast the gloomy flats."
My heart is sad, my coat's as fine as silk—
They feed me on "excelsior" and I give them city milk.
R. K. M. in Puck.

The Yellow Garter.

The yellow garter business is, of course, beginning to attract public attention. So many girls have adopted it that it is proper that I should give some information as to the origin of the custom and the traditional *modus operandi* of using it. The Walker-Hughes wedding, following so close upon the story of the elopement of Miss Nellie Thompson, appears to have brought the yellow garter to public attention, and it was then known that the series of weddings and elopements which followed were supposed to be the result of wearing a yellow garter which was handed from each successive bride to her bridesmaid. The

feminine superstition is, that the girl who receives it from the bride will be the next one to marry, and she does not take it off until the marriage ceremony is completed. When it is disengaged and handed to her nearest bridesmaid, who immediately puts it on. This beautiful tradition, I am bound to say, is somewhat marred in the performance. It originated among the early Norman pirates, and was first worn by the daughter of Charles the Simple, who was not long afterwards married to Rollo, the father of the Norman dynasty. But the barbarian customs of those times prescribed that the bride, when married, should allow the best man to take the garter off. She never, under any circumstances, took it off herself, as that would have vitiated all its virtue. I call the attention of our girls to this important point. The garter they wear is all right in color and form, but the method of taking it off is not strictly correct.—N. Y. Life.

Over The Telephone Wire.

Busby (at office down town)—Yes—I want my house—yes, that's the number. Hello! Is that you, Mrs. Busby? All right—this Sam—er, yes—can you hear me?
Minister (who has called at Busby's house and is waiting for Mrs. Busby's appearance)—The telephone ringing! Er—yes, this Mrs. Busby's. O, yes, plainly. What? eh! er—ah—where e-e-w!
What Busby said—I met that gospel-singing shark that works the salvation mill where you go Sundays to flash up your new togs, and he said he was coming to tea; so you had better see if you can get trusted for some more meat.

Wooded and Won.

A Virginia couple were recently married on horseback. Started on a bride tour at once, probably.—*Boston Bulletin*.
Marriage can't be much of a failure after all. Every married man keeps his own carriage—if he happens to have a baby.—*Boston Courier*.
A husband who overcomes his wife's fits of temper by means of confections speaks in glowing terms of his sugar-curing process.—*Merchant Traveler*.
Various papers say that marriage is on the decline. That may be, but the ladies who are over sixteen and under sixty years of age are not on the decline.—*Texas Siftings*.

Patience in the School-room.

"And what do you do at school?" asked his uncle of Tommy. "Do you learn to read?"
"No."
"To write?"
"No."
"Well, what then do you do?"
"I wait till it's time to go home."

A Versatile Writer.

"What poet do you like best?"
"I have no favorite, but I think Anonymous is pulling pretty well up toward the front. I see lots of his work nowadays."

Teacher—Tommy, what is a plagiarist?
Tommy—A plagiarist is a man who writes plays.

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway, of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking coat. The four button sack coat is also worn a great deal among travelers, it being an easy lounging and comfortable coat. The stock of Scotch tweeds and chevots imported by the fashionable west end tailor this season is especially adapted for traveling purposes, and he invites his many patrons and friends generally to call and inspect his stock. He has also received a full assortment in light flannel goods for ladies' wear, and which are now open for inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

Toronto to Equal New York.

We are pleased to notice a marked improvement in King street east, which has gained by the opening of the handsome retail seed establishment of the Steele Bros. Co. (Limited) at Nos. 130 and 132. Here are found Palms, Roses, Lilies and Seeds of all descriptions; fountains, birds and everything to make the place still more beautiful will be added. Toronto aristocracy will welcome such a bower of beauty.

NEW GAMES
AT
The Palace Novelty Emporium
49 KING ST. WEST

Telegraph Boy, Bobbing Round the Circle, Robbing the Miller, Ambuscade, Constellations, Bounce, etc.

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Driveways, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of O. Ontario.
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

BEEF AND COCA WINE
FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION
Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of milder exhaustion.
ADULT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
BINGHAM'S PHARMACY
100 YORK ST., TORONTO.

For Sale by all Leading Druggists.

ISLAND OWNERS MUSKOKA
EXCURSION TICKETS AS USUAL
Steamers are now running.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
72 Yonge Street, Toronto

Fine Wines and Liquors

Ports, Sherries, Natives
In Wood and Bottle.
The Best and Most Reliable Brands Only
Satisfaction Guaranteed
SHAWER
THE DIRECT IMPORTER
No. 4 Louisa Street, cor. of Yonge Street
SUMMER READING

THAT FRENCHMAN—By the author of Mr. Barnes of New York, &c. Price 50c.
THE REPROACH OF ANNESLEY—By the author of Silence of Dean Matilda. Price 50c.
LE DOCTEUR RAMEAU—By Georges Ohnet. Price 30c.
New Books and Magazines Received Daily
F. W. NYE & CO.
THE ROSSIN HOUSE NEWS DEPOT
137 King St. West, Toronto

FRENCH CLEANING
Evening Dresses, Opera Cloaks, Kid Gloves, Kid Boots, Slippers, &c., beautifully cleaned at the only strictly first-class house in the city.
STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE
103 King Street West
Goods sent for and delivered. Telephone 1258.

LUXURIANT GROWTHS OF HAIR
Are seen on the heads of all who use Dr. Doreen's
Great German Hair Magic
The equal of this great preparation is yet to be found. It is an unfailing restorer for Gray Hair. It stops and prevents all falling out of the Hair. It removes all dandruff and keeps the scalp clean. On Bald Heads (if there are but the faintest traces of roots) the "Magic" will produce a fine growth. Will you try it? What do you say? All druggists everywhere have it for sale. Ask for it. Do not let the druggist tell you he has "something just a good." See that each bottle bears seal and signature.
A. DOREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Paris Hair Works, 105 and 107 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
407 YONGE STREET
Ladies should not fail to get their
Summer Frontpieces
which will save them trouble and time during the hot season. Armand's New Pompadour Frontpiece is the most becoming style. Curls on pins, for under the hat, are very convenient and easy to fit.
Waves, Wigs, Bandeaux
Switches in great variety and at all prices. Hair Ornaments of every description and style.

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
407 Yonge Street 407
Close to Y. M. C. A. Buildings, Toronto.

MISS BURNETT, Removed to
117 Yonge Street
Artistic and Original Hats and Bonnets
From the leading designers in Paris, London and New York.
Elegant designs in Walking, Dinner and Tea Gowns.
Experienced Fitter.

SPRING 1889
MISS A. STEVENS
FASHIONABLE
MILLINERY
ESTABLISHMENT
251 Yonge Street
TORONTO

THE LIGHT RUNNING DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE.
The first High Arm, the first Cylinder Shuttle, the first Large Bobbin, the first Drop Leaf, the first Self-Setting Needle, the first Loose Pulley, the first Under-Brailer.
R. C. WILLIAMSON
677 Queen St. West.

CAMPING SEASON
EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP
For Sale by Grocers Everywhere
Wholesale Depot: 30 St. Sacramento St., Montreal
Cook book free on application, naming this paper.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.

Are now showing in every department a magnificent stock of Spring Novelties, specially in High Class Silks, French Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Parasols, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ornaments, Table Linens, Sheetings, Curtains Furniture Coverings and Upholstery Goods or every description. Only first-class goods, and at popular prices at

W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S

17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO



JAMES HARRIS & CO.

99 Yonge Street, Toronto

TALLY HO! THERE THEY GO!

Telephone No. 1277

Ladies' Hunting Caps and Silk Riding Hats, which for Style, Beauty and Durability are unequalled.

GENTLEMEN'S HUNTING CAPS

Our stock of Stiff and Soft Felt Hats, in all the fashionable colors, is unsurpassed. Sole agents for the celebrated Miller Silk and Felt Hats

LADIES WILL NOTE

We Repair, Alter and Store Fur Garments during the Summer Months at Moderate Prices.

JAMES HARRIS & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURS

99 Yonge Street - TORONTO



TRY OUR NEW PATENT

YATISI CORSET
YATISI
YATISI
This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.

CROMPTON CORSET CO.'S

Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

STOVEL & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS

COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS

Fred Armstrong
Plumber & Gasfitter
235 Queen St. West
ALONG THE
F.G. FUTURE

101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Special for the Ladies

GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF MANTLES

H. S. MORISON & CO.

218 YONGE STREET

Having decided to have their Mantle Show Rooms enlarged and improved for the coming season, and to enable them to do so will require to reduce their present stock of Mantles, and are now holding a GRAND CLEARING SALE OF SILK WRAPS, JET VISITES, STREET JACKETS, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S ULSTERS, ROMAN CIRCULARS AND TRAVELING CLOAKS at a reduction of 25 to 50 per cent. off marked prices, including all goods bought lately at a big discount for cash, including all goods bought lately which were stopped in transit and bought at a big discount for cash.

LADIES, come and see for yourselves—note reductions. THIS IS A GENUINE CLEARING SALE, no humbug.

FRENCH CHAMBRAY ROBES

Having purchased a lot of handsome Embroidered French Chambray Robes at 50c. on the dollar, we are selling them at the exceptionally low price of \$4.50 each—cheap at \$9.50. See these at once, as the price will clear them out in a few days. Also a large assortment of PRINTS, CHAMBRAYS, SATENS, &c., &c.

ALL-WOOL HENRIETTAS—Latest Shades, PRINTED DELAINES, CASHMERES, CHALLIES, &c.

PARASOLS—In Very Stylish Designs and Shades.

GLOVES, HOSIERY, CORSETS, &c.

JUST TO HAND.—Converser's Guaranteed Kid Gloves, 40 dozen, black and colors, which we will sell at \$1.25 to clear—our usual price \$1.50.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING OUR SPECIALTY

La Rose Sanglante.

"And Rose lived as other roses
The space of a morning."

That day there was a high wind at Parais. The flowers hung their heads and shivered as the Almighty's impetuous breath caught them. When the squall touched the wonderful rose-garden, two leaves, two pearly, transparent, delicate, pinky shells were detached from the same rose and carried away across the immense blue, and soon were a mere speck in the distance.

In a small house on the banks of the river in the Valley of the Marne, a young wife had just become a mother. At the same moment two rose-leaves coming through the half-opened window which was left open to catch the air and sun of a beautiful May morning, gently balanced by the breeze fell softly on the lips of the newly-born babe.

The days, the months ran on. Nothing was more sweet than the first stammerings of the little girl. Nothing went more to the heart than these first tender and harmonious sounds. This little daughter became charming. Her mother had an adorable form, her large limpid blue and very clear eyes were as a reflection of the sky. When she could speak her mother would dreamily listen to her with inexpressible ecstasy, thinking she heard divine music. She named her Rosine.

Poor woman! Madame M— had become a widow only three months before the birth of her child, which was the ray of hope sent by heaven to console her, to aid her to bear existence, and to dry—little by little—her tears and soften her mourning. Her husband, when dying, left her a small fortune, sufficient for her simple and modest tastes, and she accommodated herself perfectly to this, living retired from the rambling village. Around the house were shady woods, forming in summer a delicious retreat, a hidden retreat, where one could live in peace; before the windows were long cradles of flowers mostly composed of roses, and at the other end of the garden the waters of the Marne flowed with a rippling monotony, which gave an animated note to the woods and flowers.

Rosine grew up among this nature, the beauties of which impregnated with each other in her, embellishing her day by day and communicating to her a sovereign charm. In proportion to her transformation every body showed an invincible attraction, a fresh and flowery embalmment; a sort of fascination which took possession of the onlooker, making the heart flutter and infatigating the soul; the flame of her eyes, the limpid and deep light fell on those that regarded her with an innocent and brilliant splendor. One felt penetrated by something mysterious, something unknown, which troubled the brain without mixing the least with any impure sensation. The angelic design of her lips, the rosy-blooming freshness made one dream of Paradise, and put to flight every wicked thought in mind.

At seventeen Rosine passed as a marvel; not only as graceful and beautiful, but as kindly. The poor adored her, taking her for a saint. Her simple and modest costumes, her white robe, on which she wore a red rose, completed the illusion. She seemed to have descended from a mountain of holiness, carrying charity in the folds of her dress, and taking care of every miserable being. She made her charity with an intelligent modesty, gaining hearts at the same time as she comforted and soothed the anguished.

One afternoon Rosine was going to help a poor woman living in a miserable hut at the other end of the village. At the time when she passed the house of a lady who often accompanied her in her daily duties, and who was the friend of her mother she heard someone calling her. Rosine entered, her beautiful red lips smiling, and her eyes having a soft radiance.

"Rosine, I wish to present to you my son, the tall young man with whom you see there, and who is going to keep me company for a month."

Behind the old lady in the shade stood a young officer, with an intelligent and bold figure, who saluted the girl with emotion.

"Do you not recognize me, Rosine? Do you still remember me?"

"You, Charles! Monsieur Charles!"

She found in him her old childhood comrade; a companion of former play days to sight for long years. But after the first naive movement of this involuntary expansion, a pure red covered face and neck.

"You are a man," she murmured, troubled and to varying her eyes under the officer's look.

"No, it is always Charles who speaks to you, your old friend, but you Rosine, you are beautiful more beautiful than ever."

She could hardly answer him. Her blue eyes remained fixed on the face of those of Charles. Then she turned with some embarrassment; for the first time in her life Rosine felt uncomfortable for a man.

"I have my poor people to tend to and they are waiting for me. Adieu!" she said. "I am going."

Rosine thought a great deal of the young man. It is necessary to say that Charles wanted her company as much now as ever!

During the month passed at his mother's house, he often saw Rosine, never resting a day without refreshing his soul in her blue eyes, and without in the least feeling his heart taken by those charming lips; and he also could not break himself for an instant when his month ran out; he obtained a prolongation of his furrow. His mother afterwards having spoken to him, he believed in his happiness and had faith in Rosine, and Madame M— received his confidence, his confessions and his hopes.

"Mother," he said to her one day, "be also my mother and I will bless you."

"If Rosine consents to it, Charles, you will be my son," she answered, with a sweet smile which lightened up her three features, for illness had slowly wasted her; and seeing misfortune ahead, she consoled herself in thinking that her daughter would not remain alone.

Charles found Rosine in the garden near the *parterre*.

"Rosine, dear Rosine, I have just asked your mother if she would consent to become mine. Do you wish it also?"

The young girl became red with her feelings; her eyelids drooping with an indefinable expression of pleasure and confusion. Then whilst Charles held one of her hands to give more force to his prayer, without turning she plucked a rose and handed it to him.

"Rosine! my fiancée, I love you, I adore you."

"Rather early!" she said laughing, as she ran to find her mother, leaving Charles infatuated with his happiness.

Eight days after a first and terrible catastrophe struck the young girl. Madame M— succumbing to the illness which had been devouring her for a long time, died without pain whilst, in her arms, Charles, pale, kneeling, assisted at the prayers for the dying, promising to the poor woman that her daughter could count on him, and he kept with Rosine at the bedside.

During the night, the little house, and discolored the cheeks and lips of the maiden. Then, at this time, uneasy noises were abroad agitating France, sowing everywhere a vague terror. The young man had the most unhappy apprehensions. Misfortune was at hand; something terribly menacing his happiness and preparing to attack his safety.

Mme. M— had only rested a few days in the village cemetery, and the flowers piously placed on her grave had not had time to wither, ere war was declared, shaking all its lighted torch, Charles, being immediately called, was to rejoin his company to set out for the frontier. Rosine felt everything sink around her; having a presentiment of the future, she trembled for him and for herself. The separation of the betrothed was trying, and when Charles, after a last kiss, dragged himself away, she sank, fainting. She believed she had seen him for the last time.

Disasters followed, succeeding each other

like thunder-bolts. For the first few days news was received from Charles. He had been through every battle, promptly distinguished, named captain and decorated. Soon no word came from him. His mother and Rosine lived in a deadly trance and the noises of battle came to them in far-off echoes—carriers of funeral menaces. What had become of the young officer? Was he dead, wounded, or only a prisoner? Rosine found her black clothing a terrible signification, believing that it brought a double mourning, that of her mother and that of her fiancée. When Charles' mother questioned her she burst into tears without daring to avow her fears.

One evening in the village a soldier was seen dressed in a ragged uniform and wearing a cotton band round his head. He had come from a distance and seemed very fatigued; however, he refused to rest and even refused to eat before his mission was fulfilled. Nobody dared question him, for all had parents or friends in the army, and the same terror closed every heart. The soldier knew just where he was to go and passed through the village. The last house was passed and still he walked on. At last he stood before Rosine's home.

He hesitated to enter, he was hardened and used to the ills of war; two gold-laces, blackened by powder and worn by long service proved it. Before being observed he saw through the window two women, one clothed in mourning weeping in the older one's arms, the latter raising her eyes to Heaven with resignation. A little lamp threw a dull light on the sorrowing figures. He was afraid to announce his news. He must, however, decide, and his step sounded on the threshold.

Rosine started to her feet. Pale, and her eyes enlarged with an unspeakable terror, she stood before the sergeant, her lips were pallid and she stretched her hand tremblingly.

"Charles! Do you bring me news of Charles?"

"Of my son?" said the old lady, who had followed the example of the girl. "He is living, is he not? Ah! tell me, quickly."

The soldier turned and covered his eyes with one of his browned hands, while with the other he drew a pocket-book from his uniform and handed it without saying a word. Rosine seized it convulsively, opened it and giving an affrighted cry fell to the floor unconscious. Her terrified companion picked up the fallen object. It was a withered rose stained with blood.

"Dead!" she cried. "Oh! my child! My poor child!"

The sergeant was silent before the heavy sorrow. Great tears rolled from his eyes and glistened on his tanned cheeks and greyish mustache. While he was helping to restore Rosine he was able to give some few details.

He was his captain. A ball had struck him on the chest, just as he was rallying his men. Then he made the sergeant who assisted him swear that he would go to the village of X— before he breathed his last, find his mother and his fiancée, and give them this pocket-book. He died as he pronounced the names of his mother and of the young girl. Misfortune had come.

When Rosine had recovered her senses, a strange resolution took possession of her. Her brilliant flame was in her eyes; her lips, if rosy before, now kept a pearly transparent paleness.

"Mother," she said, "I must leave you."

"What do you say?" Has the *malheur* frightened you?"

"Mother, my place is no longer here; I could not live here. I wish to rejoin Charles and to merit being united to him. I am going to take care of the wounded and console the dying. Permit me to become a sister of charity. In each unhappy soldier I will believe to have found your son."

The old lady could not answer; she knew this determination to be sublime, although it was a terrible separation for her. After a last visit to her mother's tomb, after adieu to all she loved, Rosine covered herself with her mourning veil, and set out for the country where the fighting was. She ran to the battlefield.

The day was spent. The sun when setting threw its long rays on everything, lighting up the woods covered with white frost. The cannon had grumbled all the day, mingling its crashing with the fusillade. It was the eve of the battle. In the village, along the walls, on the ramparts, on the frozen fields and plains, corpses. The dying and the wounded lay by hundreds, and blood ran red and smoking, making monstrous stains on the snowy white.

A last ray lightened up the scene before the twilight and the shades of night came, mingling and dissipating in the same uniform and terrible obscurity.

Sorrowful sighs went forth from the trench on the other side of the plateau. A woman clothed in black—a sister of charity—approached looking into the eyes of the poor wretch who gave signs of life among the corpses by which she was surrounded. There were many of her countrymen there, many poor children killed in the flower of their age; and she sighed as she passed near them.

She soon came to a wounded man stretched upon the covering of the trench, his blood reddening the snow around him. He moaned.

He was a Prussian officer and was wounded by the bursting of a shell. The woman bent down to him, and passing her hand softly under his head, raised him up and forced a little cordial down his throat.

On the wounded man awaking, a sentiment of strange admiration came into his eyes. Ecstatic bliss was in his features when he had for an instant contemplated her who took care of him.

"Heaven! Heaven!" he gasped in French, and expired without any convulsion in Rosine's arms.

There is no better excess in the world than the excess of gratitude.

He never told his love.

He never told his love, he said, though time had scored his brow.

But let the golden chance slip by, and cannot do so now; She's lost to him forever, as she shares another's fate. Because he never told his love until it was too late.

He never told his love, he said, in accents sweet and low, Nor whispered in her ear the things all lovers do, you know; He sought her home to ask her hand without a single do, but never told his love because her father kicked him out.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

arm. At the same moment as Rosine looked up, a flash came from the wood and a ball struck her full on the chest.

"Comme Charles!" cried the poor girl as she fell.

A radiant smile as a last and fugitive light ran across her features, then a clot of blood formed on the whitened lips, giving them a supreme purple tint.

In Paradise a new squall carried the two rose leaves, but they had changed their color. When they took their place in the celestial *parterre*, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, he said, though time had scored his brow.

But let the golden chance slip by, and cannot do so now; She's lost to him forever, as she shares another's fate. Because he never told his love until it was too late.

He never told his love, he said, in accents sweet and low, Nor whispered in her ear the things all lovers do, you know; He sought her home to ask her hand without a single do, but never told his love because her father kicked him out.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by, through the window two women, one clothed in mourning, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.



Housecleaning Time.

LADIES!
LOOK HERE!

What do you want better than PHENIX LESSIVE to assist you in this laborious work?

For any cleaning purpose it has no equal. Buy only the imported article, with address of manufacturer on every package.

I. PICOT
PARIS, FRANCE.

PERFECTION IN HOT WATER HEATING

NEW GURNEY BOILER

The Best, Most Perfect and Economic Heater Ever Invented

Has no equal for heating Private Dwellings, Public Buildings, Greenhouses and Conservatories

MANUFACTURED BY

The E. & C. Gurney Co., Toronto

Send for our Pamphlet on Hot Water Heating

Intending Visitors to the Paris Exhibition and the Continent



H. E. CLARKE & CO., 105 KING STREET WEST



SOCIETY REGALIAS

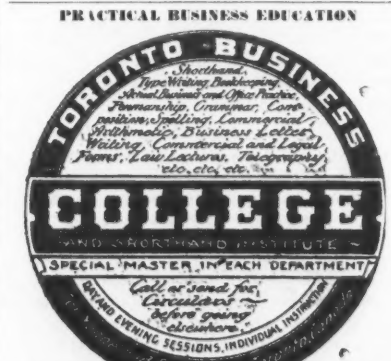
Fancy Ball Costumes

Art Needle Work and Supplies

Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods, Stamping, etc.

Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

W. C. MORRISON'S
161 King Street West



Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.



REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Its Durability and ease of manipulation are admitted. Recent speed tests have proven it to be the fastest writing machine in the world. If interested, send for full report

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

KINDLING WOOD

Delivered prices, C. O. D., viz.:
13 Crates, \$22 6 Cents, 811; 2 Crates, 60 cents
Send post card or call at W. H. HARRIS, 20
Sheppard Street. Telephone No. 1570.

Temple of Fashion

455 Queen St. West

We have the largest and best assorted stock of Summer Suitings in the city. All the latest designs in Tweeds and Worsteds. Call and see them.

B. SPAIN

Old No. 455 Queen Street West
New No. 569



O'KEEFE & CO.

Brewers, Maltsters & Bottlers

SPECIALTIES—Warranted equal to best brewed in any country. ENGLISH HOPPED ALES in wood and bottle. XXX STOUT in wood and bottle. PILSENER BEER.

NEW ISSUES

The Red Letter Series of Select Fiction

THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE—By Frances Hodgson Burnett..... 25c.
MEHALAH—By S. Baring Gould..... 40c.
LIGHTLY LOST—By Hawley Smart..... 30c.

Canadian Copyright Editions

THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.
Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE No. 1700.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

No subscription taken for less than three months.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

Vol. II TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1899. [No. 27]

Our Summer Number.

Illustrations which were ordered for our summer number three months ago are not yet finished and the handsome cover was only completed a few days ago. This delay, which has been an irritating and expensive one to the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT, has made it impossible to issue CANADA'S SUMMER season, with such attention to artistic detail as we are determined shall characterize our next holiday number. The result has been that this handsome issue has been postponed until the summer of 1899, when the arrangements already completed will make it impossible for us to suffer from a similar delay. In the meantime we are concentrating our efforts on our Christmas number and hope to have the burden of the work done not later than October. In order to accommodate those advertising summer resorts and tourists' routes we will issue a special number of SATURDAY NIGHT at its regular price. We hope they will thoroughly understand that the postponement of CANADA'S SUMMER was made because we could not keep faith with them in our promise to issue it by the 15th of June, and we know that an issue later than that date would not be advantageous to them.

Saturday Night Abroad.

Toronto people who are going abroad or to some watering place for the summer, can have SATURDAY NIGHT mailed to them either at a permanent address or at the series of places they are likely to visit. No pains will be spared to give our subscribers their favorite weekly during their absence from the city. In writing, if you are an old subscriber, give not only your future address but your present one. In sending orders, however, remember that foreign postage is charged in sending papers to European addresses as follows: Three months, 25c.; six months, 45c.; one year, 75c.

Impulsiveness.

In this age of careful calculation and cold deliberation it has become almost a sin to be impulsive. It cannot be denied that impulsive people very often get themselves and their friends into trouble, particularly if they are prone to speak without thinking which is thoughtlessness rather than impulsiveness, but if one has any heart, any warmth of nature or affectionateness of disposition, they are bound to be impulsive unless by the severest self-repression they so subjugate nerves and muscles that their best friends cannot tell whether they are being entertained or bored. It is remarkable what a vast number of people are cultivating this stolidity of demeanor under the false impression that it is necessary to good breeding. Of course if one's impulses suggest wrong actions, they should be suppressed; but when, from the fullness of the heart, one is impelled to say and do kindly things, the world loses much by having such kindly nature imprisoned by conventionalism. Men very seldom are demonstrative to one another. They go through the world half of them feeling lonesome and friendless. They meet in business armed to resist each other's aggression, in society frozen by the belief that no one but a novice ever betrays any sympathy for his kind, and none but greenhorns can be interested or enthusiastic. The majority of men who take an occasional glass of stimulants do it for the purpose of thawing themselves out, and the protest they make when others in their company refuse to indulge to the same extent is caused by the fact that they do not wish to be criticized by the cold eyes of a water-drinking companion. It is an infinite pity that men imagine that they cannot be jolly and cordial without being half tipsy. If they only followed their natural impulses they would find no need for a stimulant to make themselves sociable. Women too are continually freezing one another to death when the impulses of their hearts suggest sympathy and sincere admiration. If they only knew how men adore impulsive women who have sense enough to confine themselves to actually and universally admitted proprieties, affectation and hauteur would not be so common. Nobody likes the quasher whether it be of the male or female sex, but even the over demonstrative are a welcome relief in a room full of people confined by the strait jacket of fear and convention. If people would only be natural they would be impulsive in a proper sense of the word and no matter what is one's true self it will be discovered and it is utterly useless for anyone to endeavor to pass themselves off as anybody but the creature their birth, education and circumstances have made them. They may refine themselves, but only by thinking good things and saying or doing them. The one who always tries to say a pleasant thing, endeavors to relieve another from embarrassment and to show the little attentions which everyone requires except in the circle where they are intimately acquainted, will evince true refinement and proper impulsiveness. There is no room in this world for the brutally candid and roughly aggressive people who take a pride in saying or doing whatever suggests itself to their coarse minds, but outside of this everyone can feel perfectly safe in cutting the cords which hold them

fast, and being their own proper selves. The one who acts in any other way is like an uneducated person, who, fearful lest his grammar be bad, says nothing except when forced to speak, and then he is certain to betray not only his ignorance of grammar but that constraint and self-watchfulness which at once makes everyone embarrassingly aware of his own knowledge of his ignorance.



At last a lull in the busy fag end of our musical season comes with welcome effect. The late rush of entertainments and the impending pressure of Juch and Gilmore make the poor critic halt a dull week with delight. For he has not only to go to these concerts and listen to them, not always a pleasant task I assure you, but he has to make up his mind to hear from roundabout sources, that this singer, that instrumentalist, or the other conductor has been abusing him. According to these sensitive gentry, the poor devil of a critic is the most malevolent, Jesuitical, Machiavellian schemer, liar and twister that there is alive. He is constantly lying in wait to rend these performers limb from limb in types; he lies awake o' nights devising plans whereby he can bring these artists, his natural enemies, into disrepute. He steadily refuses to recognize talent and genius, except in the other fellow.

He is always in league with the other fellow to crush the one, but the one is like truth, not insomuch that he is at the bottom of a well, but that being crushed to the earth he will rise again, he is mighty and will prevail. The critic knows nothing, his ignorance is his best qualification for his work, and so on through the weary round of inanities begotten of egotism, vanity and self-sufficiency, and inspired by the holy fire of that enthusiasm that rushes in where angels fear to tread. It is hard to say which is the more tiresome and nauseating to that poor patient ass, the critic—to hear and see what these people do when they pose before the public, when they call themselves artists and musicians, or to hear what they say about the critic who fails to appreciate their excellence.

It never strikes these people that they may not be as great and as good as they fondly imagine themselves to be. Self-examination is a process that would never occur to such bundles of conceit. They would rather think that the critic "has a spite against them." If he speaks well of their performances it is the tribute wrung by the excellence of mighty genius from a grudging and unwilling enemy. If he praises he speaks the truth; if he finds fault he does not speak the truth. In short, when he praises, he knows a lot; when he finds fault, he is clouded in the mists of the densest ignorance. Gentle reader, do you recognize any of these sensitive, highly strung organisms? I know scores of them in Toronto.

The Lyric Operatic Society made a very fair showing on Tuesday evening at the Grand Opera House in Marltona, and in some respects displayed improvement on the previous performance in February last. Mr. Harold Parr looked quite a Don Jose and quite an actor, but should sing a little more carefully for he has a nice voice. Miss Jardine Thomson's pretty face and pretty voice won her lots of applause, and Mr. Baker's Don Cesar was distinctly better than his first effort. Mrs. Guerin's costumes were an improvement on those of the winter. But why was the first act set in a forest scene, instead of a street scene? Speaking of costumes, those of the ladies were exceedingly pretty, especially Marltona's; but ye gods! those of the gentlemen of the party were a splendid aggregation illustrating the sartorial differences of several centuries.

Take for instance the Alcalde. He had on 19th century shoes, an undress military jacket, a naval sword, and breeches of any century. Still, as amateurs, they did well, with the exception of wavering choruses, waving arms, and a general impression that all that is necessary to act is to move about. The poetry of motion was so constant as to make a nervous man—and I am one—almost shriek with pain. The orchestra occupied a curious position in Tuesday's performance. It played the overture, then the stage not being ready a march was introduced, and between the acts dance music was offered, thus violating one of the canons of operatic performances—and during the opera itself they sat still and admired. Mme. Stuttaford played the accompaniments on a piano that was unparagonably out of tune.

Now that the bands are being engaged to play in the parks in the summer, I would make a strong appeal to have them play every Saturday afternoon in one of the parks, so that mothers may take their little ones to enjoy the music. These concerts should not be altogether for the grown people who are free evenings, or for the smaller ones who can emancipate themselves from family restrictions against late hours, but the poor mother who cannot leave her babe in the evening, but who could take it with her in the daytime, should also be considered.

The annual convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians meets July 2, 3, 4, when papers will be read upon the Organ Historically Treated, the Violin, the Formation and Management of Church Choirs, the Formation and Management of Choral Societies, the Growth and Influence of Music upon National Character.

I have received a copy of the new song, Slumber Deep by W. Crowley, published by Nordheimer. This is the song which was so prettily sung by Mr. A. M. Gorrie at the Queen's Own Minstrel concert, being in fact the only ballad which was encored that evening, a fact creditable alike to the composer and the sweet singer. It is an exceedingly pretty song with a tender sentiment; and should be the most popular trifle of the day.

A new addition to the teaching forces of the city is Signor Rubini who comes from England with strong letters of recommendation to Messrs. Nordheimer. His department is the voice.

The Juch Perotti concerts delighted hundreds this week, but are too late for notice in this issue.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Torrington's orchestra will give its final concert this season, and will play, among other numbers, Ambroise Thomas' Le Caid, Delibes' Valse Lente e Pizzicati, the Lohengrin Bridal Chorus, Mignon Gavotte, and the Grand March from the Prophecie. Miss Bourdette and Mr. Dent will be vocalists, and instrumental solos will be played by Messrs. Smith, Clarke, and DeLima.

Soon Gilmore's great musical anvil and artillery jubilee will be upon us, in which connection the fine chorus of the Philharmonic Society must not be forgotten, both Mr. Gilmore and Mr. Torrington taking the combined forces in hand. The novelties of this year are even more entertaining than the good things of last season, the best of which however are retained. The plan of seats opens on Tuesday next.

The Buffalo Express says that Mrs. Agnes Thomson's Mabel in the Pirates of Penzance could nowhere be equalled. It is safe to say, this lady's voice will certainly win her fame in any land.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Last week may be said to have practically finished the theatrical season in this city. Outdoor attractions will now usurp the attention of the pleasure-seeker for several months, and real life set in real scenery be a greater charm than the mimic life and canvas setting behind the footlights. Population here is scarcely large enough yet, to support even the lightest form of dramatic exhibition in the summer months, as was shown by the failure of the Island Casino last summer to begin to imitate the success of its famous prototype in New York. At her present rate of advancement, however, Toronto will soon reach that point when such an institution will be profitable, and the island will probably be its location. Fanned by the tempered breezes that make the island "a joy forever" on a warm evening, an audience could sit in delightful comfort and lose itself in the melodious motion of some light and pretty opera.

On Friday and Saturday evenings Haverly's Minstrels attracted large crowds to the Grand Opera House. The performance was excellent and was thoroughly appreciated by those who saw it. Tony Pastor's Company closed last week at the Toronto Opera House. The performances included many good specialties and was bright and amusing as the performances of Tony Pastor's companies usually are. They were well patronized. This week French, Lester & Allen's All America Company played at the Toronto Opera House. The show is of the specialty variety and is exceedingly bad. The only passable features are the banjo playing of French and McDonald's singing and these are pretty tart. The Plug Hat, a farce with which the performance concludes, is the rankest of its kind.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Again the old rumor circulates that Henry Irving is to be knighted for having played before the Queen at Sandringham last week.

The genial Fritz's hobby is horseback riding. Every morning and afternoon, Mr. Emmet can be seen on the equestrian road in Central Park indulging in his favorite exercise. In his stables at Albany he keeps ten saddle horses, including "Hamlet," "Markham," "Eph," "Tom," and the Kentucky thoroughbred, "Sensation."

Charles Arnold, who comes to America under engagement to Simmonds H. Brown, with his highly successful American play, Hans the Boatman, sailed from Sydney, Australia, on May 19, for America, via England, arriving here early in July. The London Observer says: "It is a one-part piece, but what a part! Arnold is worth going miles to see; his impersonation of the light-hearted mirth-loving Hans is a marvelous performance, full of humor, pathos, tears and laughter. I have rarely seen an audience so strangely excited and worked up as that of last evening."

Here is a good story concerning the rival Little Lord Fauntleroy. They say that Elsie Leslie's people were set on advertising the child as much as possible, and that no opportunity was lost to bring her name before the public. An enterprising note-paper manufacturer in Boston got out some novelty in paper, and on the lid of the boxes a picture of Elsie Leslie as Little Lord Fauntleroy. The child graciously conceded, and wrote: "You want my autograph. I give it with pleasure. I am the first and original Little Lord Fauntleroy. Signed, ELISIE LESLIE." A little while ago young Wallie Eddinger, who has also made a hit in the same part, was invited to sign an advertisement, or give his autograph for use, by a Portland, Me., clothing man, who had put a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit on the market. "You want my autograph," wrote Master Eddinger. "Here it is. I am the last Little Lord Fauntleroy, and the best."

Mr. Kyrie Bellew in Chicago appeared in the court room in the case of Mrs. Carter, and the closing act of this little legal drama is doubtless accepted in Chicago as a lurid advertisement of the coming season of Antony and Cleopatra. The public who have followed the case need not be told that Mrs. Carter made serious complaints against Antony; and Lawyer Walker in closing, delivered the following remarkable speech, which is printed in all the Chicago papers:

"I cannot denounce," he said, "in terms of sufficient bitterness, the action, the cruelty, the heartlessness of this self-convicted seducer. He should be lashed out of society, and the doors of all respectable homes should be shut against him. He never made a reputation in this, or any other country, except for his pretty face and subtle form."

The American operatic boom abroad includes

Miss Howe—who, by the way, is said to have captivated the wayward heart of the erratic Mr. Blakely Hall. It is said of their first meeting that it followed upon Mr. Hall's enthusiastic admiration of Miss Howe's shapely head. He knew her brother, and it was his generosity that made her debut a possibility. The sum he advanced, it is only just to say, was immediately returned. When Mr. Hall and Miss Howe met, they were prepared to be friends at once. With, however one of those queer freaks of emotional natures they conceived a most violent dislike to each other—a dislike bordering upon aversion. Recent report says, however, that Mr. Blakely Hall is at her feet (when he is not at the feet of the fair author of *Hermia* (Suydam), and that he has reached an advanced stage of sentimentality heretofore supposed to be beyond the attainment of his unsuspicious nature.

If the cable is still to be trusted, the great American prima donna has at last had operatic birth in the person of Miss Sybil Sanderson of California. When Miss Sanderson made her social debut in San Francisco her voice was considered one of her chief charms. Her vivacity, her figure and her reckless defiance of the conventions were her other attributes. Report to the contrary notwithstanding, she is not beautiful. Her face is heavy and lacking in mobility, but she has expressive eyes and beautiful teeth, and in conversation her face lights up most agreeably. Miss Sanderson has never ceased since her debut to concentrate upon herself the eyes of San Francisco. Her *risque* stories, told with an air of guilelessness no one could question, and her daring escapades, from which she managed always to issue unscathed, were cakes and ale for the gossiping tongues of the female San Franciscans; and, *sans* the protection of her family's unassailable position, I fear she would have been dropped out of San Francisco society before the end of her second season. Her greatest sensation was made when she became wildly enamored of one of Mapleson's third-rate tenors, Cardinali, who had a face like a poet and a hand like a ham. The protestations and prayers of her family were of no avail, and rather than bear with a scandal, her father, Judge Sanderson of the Supreme Bench of California, consented to her engagement provided Cardinali could substantiate his claims to noble birth. There was a great deal of red tape gone through with. Mme. Scatchell's husband, Count Lolli, and the Marquis de Testa-Ferrata of the Papal household, then on a visit to Mr. John Parrott in San Francisco, were Mr. Cardinali's references, but, needless to state, the young tenor's claims to rank were never proved, and the engagement did a natural death. How their wooing was conducted has always remained a mystery, since Cardinali spoke neither French nor English and Miss Sanderson could not speak Italian.

Scraps of Fun, Fashion and Philosophy.

I agree fully with the woman who said that blood would tell, but she preferred it would not tell by making her nose red.

Mamma—You can have no more candy. It is good for your teeth.

Bertie—But, mamma, I don't take it for my teeth.

Bessie—That widow broke her husband's heart. I hope she is satisfied.

Jennie—Not at all. She is now going to try and break his will.

It is a joke in Troy that trains do not stop in Albany unless they are flagged; but it is a joke in Albany that they do not stop in Troy because they can't find the place.

We are in a halo of camphor, so to say. Every blessed house you go into smells of it, and the hostess, as the representative busy bee, is putting away her winter togs in it to protect them from the seductive moth.

Court—Are you a married man?

Prisoner—No, your honor.

Court (absently)—Please tell this court how long you have been a bachelor, and under what circumstances you were induced to become one.

Mrs. St. Louis—I see that Richard Wagner's gondola has been sold in Venice.

Mrs. Chicago—Why I thought that Wagner was the sleeping car man.

Mrs. St. Louis—Oh, no; Wagner the composer, you know. The gondola was his favorite instrument.

The pointed beard has received its death blow in London, in spite of the fact that the Prince of Wales still holds to it. The proper thing for the smart division this year is to be clean shaven. It does not add greatly to the beauty of the individual so divested of his ruse adornment, but it is the proper caper nevertheless.

The Prince of Wales has a most deep rooted dislike to a black tie when worn in conjunction with evening dress, and refuses to tolerate it under any circumstances. More than one visitor to Marlborough House has had his name struck off the book merely because he had been guilty of the offence of appearing in a black tie at entertainments at which H. R. H. was present.

He was a barber, by his cushioned chair; As deft a man as ever handled hair; And scores of patrons thronged and hurried there, He shaved so well.

In after years, it cheers us to relate, He started business selling real estate; In course of time he made a fortune great, He shaved so well.

An after dinner orator recently mixed Sir Walter Scott and Pope in a rather amusing but trite manner. In his peroration he quoted:

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease! Uncertain, coy, and hard to please; But seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

A sudden entrance into a certain west end nursery surprised the youthful hostess in the midst of playing party. To complete the illusion her little brother Tom was weeping bitterly in the next room.

"What is the matter with Tommy?" asked the visitors. "Isn't he invited to your party?"

"No," responded the youthful student of modern society, "he isn't in our set."

A Frog who had his home in a Puddle by the Wayside Made such an Ado one night as a Traveler passed that way that the Man was Fain to stop and Inquire the Occasion of it. "Had I not made such a noise you would not have known of my Presence," replied the Frog. "But now that I do know, what of it?" queried the Man. "Why, I am here." "Yes, but what are the odds to me where you are? You are but a Frog, place yourself where you will." Moral: The Man whose Mouth makes his Presence known is seldom considered worth minding.

Native—You have traveled in every country of Europe? Traveler—Yes.

Native—And cannot speak anything but English? Traveler—No. Two English words will carry you anywhere. Every country understands them.

Native—What are they? Traveler—How much?



The Hand of the Mater.

For Saturday Night.

Letters, a pile of them waiting,
Numbering fully two acres,
And I carelessly scan their faces
Turning them o'er and o'er;
Letters on all sorts of matter,
A pity they e'er were penned
For they mean but a deal of bother
Before one can reach the end.

Letters, a varied assortment

Posted from far and near,
With manifold types of writing—
Blotted, and bold, and clear;
Now and again one dainty
And yielding a faint bouquet—
A summons to ball or party
Or a chapter of love's old play.

And down at the very bottom,
Last of the motley pile
Lies the one that alone has power
To call forth a welcome smile;
'Tis feminine in every feature
And quaintly precise maybe,
But 'twas penned by the dear old mater
And it's worth all the rest to me.

Week after week its flowing

Have come on the self-same day,
Filled full of news to o'erflowing
Though others had naught to say;
With name and address blazoned fully,
Every letter distinct and fair,
For never an undoubted
Could escape from her studied care.

What hand but a loving mother's
Those wonderful loops could trace
That guide a mother's loving hand
Far from the old home place;
Following ever and truly
Undaunted by space or time,
To strengthen the golden fates
Forged in the by-gone time.

For the hand that penned the letter
Is the same far-reaching power
That wields the correct g string
In childhood's thoughtless hour,
That could change from caress of velvet
To the firmness of tempered steel
That the child might learn the lesson
To guide it to future weal.

A little hand, but a mighty,
When moved by a mother's love,
That feared not to stretch forth boldly
Even far to Heaven above,
To pluck at the robe of the Master
With the touch of a holy prayer
That He might aid her effort
And perfect her guarding care.

Ah! the wonderful power
Of that soft hand white and cool
In bending all stubborn passions
To a mother's loving rule—
A hand all in time of sickness,
A wizard that wayward sleep,
A check upon wayward steps
Risking a dangerous steep.

A hand that strove unceasing
Though hope seemed well-nigh dead
That showed not the heart's wild beating
When blessing an erring head;
Like the hand of sleepless pilot
Off weary and sorely tried,
But yielding the helm never
Till safe on a smoother tide.

A brave little hand in telling
It has striven long and true,
Never shrinking the labor
That it has found to do,
And when it finds rest forever
And e'er-worked nerves are stilled
It will close on the priceless gem
For a task that was well fulfilled.

ED. W. SANDS.

Excursions.

For Saturday Night.

I wonder if the Medes and Persians
Had holiday excursions,
Or if the strict Casterians
Take a trip

To the fashionable places,
Athletic sports and races,
In crowded trains and chaises,
Or a ship

Now (if all the very funny,
Nasty ways of wasting money,
I'll tell you what, my sonny,
It's the worst.

You are crowded, and you're hurried;
You are worried, and you are worried;
You are squashed and you are scurried
Fro to the first.

The trains are overflowing;
The boats with heat are glowing;
Everywhere are babies crying
Very loud.

You are cornered, and you're hustled;
You are bruised, and you are hustled,
By toughs uncouth and muscled
In the crowd.

You are sure to lose your ticket
If in your hat you stick it
A crook will see and nick it
Ere you know.

You are very nearly choking;
Bad tobacco smoke is smoking;
Vile cigars and vile joking
Are the go.

Drunken men and women screaming
Porters yelling, engines steaming,
There's not much chance of dreaming
Or of rest.

There's more noise than in a battle—
Ceaseless din, and row, and rattle;
I'd rather ride with cattle—
'T would be best.

I don't mean any treason
To the gay excursion season,
Let those who have a reason
Trip uphold.

I say, take your summer pleasure
In your own time—at your leisure,
This advice you'd better treasure,
Just like gold.

TOMMY GARR.

Noted People.

The aged Empress Augusta of Germany is to pass her summer at the Villa Messmer at Baden.

Miss Rhoda Broughton lives in a little old house on a little old street at Oxford, with a walled garden filled with roses. She keeps a number of pet dogs, chiefly of the pug breed.

The Shah of Persia, during his stay in London, will occupy Royal apartments in Buckingham Palace, and he is expected to reach the metropolis about June 14, and to remain over a fortnight.

Wm. E. Gladstone considers the Prince of Wales a shrewd, clever man, who keeps himself well informed regarding the topics of the day. He seldom opens a book, but gleans a good deal from conversation. Mr. Gladstone thinks the Prince a success as a public man.

At a Bohemian luncheon, soon after her newspaper war with Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. Wilcox was dilating on what it pleased her to term a masterstroke in drawing invidious comparisons between Mrs. Atherton's physique and her own. "And," she added, smilingly, "there isn't a man in the city who doesn't envy my husband."

The Prince of Wales, like the *bon vivant* he is, takes his time in eating, and thus gives his guests leisure to enjoy their grub! The Prince is indeed a gourmet, and no man in Europe is more particular about his table and his wines. He is a tremendous eater, and one of his favorite dishes is a spring chicken *a la creme au fond d'artichauts*, one of the most simple and yet at the same time difficult dishes to make; in fact, rumor asserts that only one man living can cook it properly—Larsonneux, the famous chef. The Princess, on the other hand, eats very little; in fact, merely nibbles, but her great fondness for raw tomatoes has perhaps done not a little to make that very healthy dish fashionable.

The Queen of Italy's charities are not only generous, they are full of delicate consideration for the objects of her compassion. She is always trying to elevate the art and industries of her country, and studying methods by which to promote Italian prosperity. When the production of Burano lace had almost died out, it was Margherita who set herself to revive it; she hunted up an aged woman who yet remembered the stitch and made her teach her younger neighbors, and then set the trade going once more by diligently purchasing, and inducing her ladies to purchase, this native product, even till it once more became the fashion and a flourishing source of livelihood to the indigent people of Burano.

Spanish photographers unite in one wild wish, viz., that of "taking" their youthful Sovereign day by day, hour by hour. A negative that fairly features His Majesty means a small fortune to the happy possessor. The portraits of Alfonso XIII. sell immensely in other countries besides his own, and bid fair to outrun those of the Emperor, Frederick, so much in request last year. Queen Christina and her three children form a most interesting Royal Family picture; nothing equal, of course, to the marvellous Jubilee group of Queen Victoria, with descendants and sons-in-law, which required a printed key and some two hours' patience before ordinary mortals could be certain who was who; yet the little Spanish galaxy is comforting in its way as being enough of the sort, yet not too much.

It is a curious fact that Washington Irving Bishop always feared premature burial. He had a presentiment that some time, while in a cataleptic state, he would be thought dead and put underground. It was on this account that, two or three years ago, he told a friend—a physician, by the way—he wished every possible precaution taken to avert such a possibility. "I do not want an autopsy held," he said, with emphasis, "and even if the doctors agree that death has come, don't let me be placed in the earth. Put me in a coffin plentifully provided with auger-holes, and leave me in a vault for a month." But the doctors cut him up three hours and a half after they believed him to be dead, and now the experts and coroners are vainly trying to discover whether at the time of the carving, Bishop was really lifeless or only in a trance.

Since the publication of *Through One Administration* the *Century* people and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett have hardly been on speaking terms. All the success of Fauntleroy has not made its authoress any more popular with the magazine, and it is quite probable that a number of years may pass before *entente cordiale* is resumed. It was in something like this que the *Century* editor closed so hurriedly with Mrs. Catherwood, who, so far as she is known at all, is known not to be friendly with Mrs. Burnett. The Romance of Dollard was so far from being a success that the readers of the *Century* have not ceased wondering at the judgment that accepted it for a serial. But it gave Mr. Gilder a chance to say that unknown writers were not received unfavorably by the *Century*, and at the same time Mrs. Catherwood was used as a snub to Mrs. Burnett.—*Truth*.

Speaking of Mr. Gilder reminds me of a funny incident in connection with him. During a yachting trip last summer the cruise led the party into harbor one night on the coast of Massachusetts. Mr. Gilder went ashore and made his way to the rural post office hurriedly, and posted a couple of letters. He had no sooner left the office than the old postmistress locked the door and followed him excitedly. She made her way to the nearest cottage and called out its resident. "There," she whispered anxiously, "that's him again down the beach—him with the wild eyes and long hair. I guess he's what ye call a crank. He has just given me two letters to be sent to the President an' Mrs. Cleveland, an' I don't know whether I ought to let 'em go or not." "Well," said the cottager, with a smile, "I think they are safe enough, Aunt Abby. That is Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century* and a personal friend of the President." "Sakes alive!" said Aunt Abby, thoughtfully, "I thought as mebbe he were a Geetoo or some crazy chap like that. Well, all I have to say is, if that's the kind of friends the President keeps company with, I wonder Mrs. Cleveland is able to sleep nights."

Art and Artists.

This week I purpose noticing, particularly, a number of the most important pictures exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists at the Canadian Institute. I am pleased to hear that many people have visited the exhibition, and hope to be able to congratulate the artists on the sale of a great many pictures when it closes next week.

In a deep shadow in the north-eastern corner of the room is hung, perhaps, the most artistic picture in the collection. It represents an old man complacently taking a pinch of snuff and is painted by Mr. J. K. Lawson, who is now in England. The treatment is broad and vigorous and the coloring very good. Though unfavorably hung it was found and admired by many of the visitors. Mr. Lawson also shows another good little picture, *A Scene in Tangiers, Morocco* (45).

Papa Gone is the title of a large picture by Paul Peel. It represents a young woman seated by a cradle, looking tearfully at her child. From her appearance one would judge that if papa is really gone, like the husband of Sol Smith Russell sings about, "He'll never return." Mr. Peel seems fond of using ugly women for models. The drawing is good but his painting of flesh seems peculiar and the shadows are a little harsh. The Arab by the same artist is a good broad piece of work. The Young Botanist, also by Mr. Peel, represents a little girl seated on a grassy bank examining a plant. The face and hands are well handled but her bare feet are not well drawn nor do they look like sun-browned flesh.

Mr. Homer Watson is represented in this exhibition by eleven landscapes and one marine subject. These pictures are painted in the low tone usually adopted by this artist, and are marked by a vigor of treatment which few of the other landscapes possess. A Highland and a Lowland Burn, both pretty little works, tell of his visit to the "land of cakes" last year. No. 32, by Watson, is a large landscape with a marshy road in the foreground, along which a man drives sheep. Farther back are trees and a small cabin, from which the blue smoke curls very realistically. The sunlight on the tree seems peculiar, but beyond this the picture is very good.

Mr. G. A. Reid is very happy in his selection of a subject for a Canadian picture, namely—Logging. It is a feature of farm life which in many parts of Ontario is dying out, and which is worthy of preservation on canvas. If he were as happy in handling it as in his selection his picture would be worthy of all praise. The weakness of Mr. Reid's picture lies in the drawing of the men. Their bodies are too small for the size of their heads, and they are not laboring as men would in rolling such huge timbers. The logs are excellently painted, and the background and smoky atmosphere is very effective. Mr. Reid also shows two good head studies and a pair of small landscapes. Mrs. Reid has a pretty little bunch of roses.

Mr. T. M. Martin shows several good bits of local scenery. The largest is *An Old Willow, Rosedale*. A bright, sunny landscape surrounds the old tree through which runs a stream beside which a few cows, fairly well drawn, are feeding. There is some clever incidental work in the foreground, but the sky seems scarcely luminous enough. September Afternoon near Toronto, by Mr. Martin, is one of the best autumn landscapes on view. His water color of a dead bird is good, but the same cannot be said of his etchings, which are feeble in the extreme—lack breadth of treatment and good drawing.

An oil painting of Nepigon Lake, by F. A. Verner of Montreal, is a strong picture. He also shows a large number of excellent water colors. *Le Dejeuner pour Marie*, by Miss Mildred Peel, is a clever little picture. It represents a child seated before a fireplace on a stool eating out of a cup. Miss S. Tully exhibits a good Study of a Head. A Quiet Smoke, from the same brush, represents an Arab seated on the ground smoking. It is broadly painted, but the drawing is rather crude about the foot. A portrait of a young lady (38), by J. C. Pinhey of Montreal, is the most artistic portrait on the walls. He is not so successful in his other work—the Afternoon Tea being defective both in drawing and coloring. Mr. J. W. L. Forster is well represented by two portraits and a head study. Mr. W. Cutts shows a well painted portrait of Mr. E. Coatsworth, Jr. Mr. W. A. Sherwood's work shows marked improvement, especially in his portraits. In his *Before the Game*, his boys are well grouped, but each one seems to be posing for a photograph. Mr. J. C. Forbes' paintings of Bananas and Peaches are both effective pieces of work.

In the water-color section all is landscape, ranging from a cow pasture on the banks of our own Hummer, to the rock-battlemented and snow-crowned steeps of the Alps and the Rockies. One of the largest and most striking pictures is *A Winter's Morning at the Foot of the Wetterhorn*, by C. J. Way. Being a snow scene, it is painted in a very light key, and though a scene unfamiliar to most Canadians, it appears to be skilfully treated. Mr. Way shows one or two other clever things. Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith seems to have the lion's share of this department, being represented by twenty pictures, nearly all of which are scenes in the Rockies. I am not familiar with landscape on the Pacific slope, but I imagine that Mr. Bell-Smith's hand is hardly vigorous enough to bring out the strong character of scenes which must be stupendous in their grandeur rather than merely pretty as we see them in many of Mr. Bell-Smith's pictures. Mr. M. Matthews has several good pictures on view. In No. 128, he has made a fairly successful attempt to catch the glowing colors of our autumn foliage, though his blackbirds or crows are rather too big to harmonize properly. Mr. T. C. V. Ede has a nice little group of cattle in No. 129, *Coming Home*. The drawing might be a little more thorough but the general effect is pleasing. Mr. Bruenich exhibits some good European scenes. Mr. D. Fowler's *Low Water, Bay of Quinte*, is a bright bit of water color. Mr. H. Perre has one or two clever sketches,

also Mr. J. T. Rolph whose *Evening at Mimico* is a pleasing little picture. A twilight scene (85), by C. Ahren's, is also an effective bit of brush work. Mr. F. A. Verner's Canadian Elk (120) is a well-handled subject. Mr. C. M. Manley has one or two good sketches rather badly hung. Other water color artists represented are H. Martin, J. W. Morrice, Jas. Griffiths, W. Revell and Miss E. May Martin. VAN.

A Fantasia.

I cannot find the way,
Mine eyes are naught but dark;
The music I essay
A thousand discords slay
Yet something like an arc
Sometimes across the sky
Seeps luminous with light.
It is a fantasia—
A vision taking flight—
Night.
I see the dark, until
Mine eyes are filled with dark,
Yet even the midnight's thrill
In purples never still
Hides the immortalark.
I cannot reach afar
To notes so mocking high,
The lark sings to a star.
It is a fantasia—
A rapture taking flight—
Night.

Trinity Talk.

The condition of Mr. V. Price, '91, who has been long and seriously ill is now daily improving.

The ordination examination for the diocese of Ontario is now in progress. Three candidates are writing.

The approaching examinations in Arts and Divinity cast their gloomy shadows before them. The mind of the student is, at present, bent on work and passing a successful exam. There is an unusual stillness throughout the corridors, indicative of the hum of busy toilers in the seclusion of their rooms. Even the drones are bestirring themselves and making some efforts to prevent the plucking of their wings.

I hear that H.R.H. the Princess Louise is to be offered an honorary degree in music at the next Convocation. There will be four D. C. L.'s bestowed, and the public orator will again fill Convocation Hall with the sonorous eloquence of his Latin periods, as he presents the scarlet-robed doctors to the gorgeously clad chancellor amid the applause and mirthful comments of the undergraduate occupants of the gallery.

The cricket eleven goes to Hamilton to-day to play against the club of the Ambitious City. Trinity will be minus the aid of one or two of her best bats in this important match.

Dr. Bourinot's lectures on Canadian Political Economy come to a close this afternoon. The lectures have all been instructive in the highest degree, and it is a pity that more have not taken advantage of the opportunity to learn something about their own country. The lecturer has handled our history and discussed our methods of government in the able manner that is to be expected from so eminent an authority on such matters as Dr. Bourinot is well known to be. It is to be hoped that his lectures will be published in book form, as the volume would undoubtedly be found of great service to the public.

J. S. Broughall, '87, the lately appointed fellow in classics, returns this week from Johns Hopkins University, where he had been post-graduating. The match on Saturday will probably see him in his old place behind the wickets, guarding them tenderly and effectively.

The result of the cricket match on the Queen's birthday with the Toronto club exceeded the fondest expectations of the Trinity men. They won handsily from the Torontonians powerful eleven by a score of 25. To the bowling of Groat and Wallace Jones may be set down the reason of the victory. The former exhibited his old time form and committed great havoc while the latter got rid of the crack batsmen with the little difficulty. Cameron and W. W. Jones carried off the honors in batting, and it must be said that the latter proved himself a tower of strength to the College eleven. A feature of the match was the injuries with which some of the players met. Dye Saunders was laid out while keeping wickets, by a ball which struck him on the ear. Dr. Ogden Jones was unfortunate to dislocate his finger; while the wicket seemed to have a rooted dislike to Goldingham—no less than three successive balls from Groat hitting him on the body.

The At Home combined with the cricket match was thoroughly successful and enjoyable. The terrace was adorned by a galaxy of pretty girls, whose bright costumes formed a beautiful parterre to the cricket ground. The charms of the races were not sufficient to deter a large number from spending a pleasant afternoon at Trinity. It is no wonder that the Trinity men won with such fair applauders, for the majority of them were decidedly in favor of the collegians. Refreshments were served under a spreading oak on the tennis court, and there was many a pleasant ramble, and many a delightful *tele-a-tele* in the grounds, which looked their prettiest with their wide stretching lawns, leafy foliage and gay flowers. Convocation Hall was thrown open for dancing, and many took advantage of the excellent music and the capital floor, which the hall affords—in fact one of the best and smoothest dancing surfaces in Toronto. Amongst the ladies whose presence I noted were: Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Body, Mrs. and the Misses Strachan, Miss Jones, Miss Norris of Guelph, Miss Benson of Port Hope, the Misses Brough, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, the Misses Murray, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Lindsey of Ottawa, Mrs. and the Misses Monk, Miss Bright, Miss Boulbee, Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Mrs. and the Misses Cayley, Mrs. and the Misses Gregory, Miss Pateson and the ladies of St. Hilda's. There were also fair representatives of the Bishop Strachan school, Mrs. Neville's and Miss Dupont's. ERYX.

A Reel Tangled Fish-lyin.

For Saturday Night.

The present gentlemanly pastime is of course angling for the wary trout, and, especially in the Province of Quebec, it is eagerly pursued. Thinking that possibly an article treating of this seasonable and interesting business might prove of interest, the following reliable account of the experience of a couple of ardent followers of "Ancient Ike" is respectfully submitted. It is not of the thrilling hair-raising style so frequently adopted by men who wish to impress the public with their daring and skill in the pursuit of dangerous animals; it is rather a simple narrative of facts fried in perspiration with dish-gravy, pure and unvarnished as the tail of a comet and written upon its merits and C. P. R. paper for the benefit of whom it may concern. Ere plunging into the stream of facts it may be as well to say that its special dignity lies in the illustrations—they are rank no end, and rank should always command respect. Furthermore, they were carefully prepared from specifications by one of the greatest artists of the day—a man gifted beyond endurance and capable of drawing upon anything from his imagination upwards—excepting only a bank.

In introducing *dramatis personae* it may be said that the herculean laird in the costume decolleté at all the ends is a scion of a noble Scottish house, a man deeply versed in fishing and throwing flies, a ghoul for sport, and a man who could tackle a "sawmin" (in the can) with deadly result. The other party is the possessor of a long experience and was undoubtedly constructed for accommodating just such an article; he can whip a stream (or anything else that is sure to run) all day long and never grow weary, and taken all round is about as good a chap to tell about fishing as is allowed to live. These twain decided to take a few trout, and after a trifle of teasing about landed the important information that near the pretty town of Lachute the wished for quarry might be found. Their informant also stated that there were no flies nor mosquitoes to speak of, and now they're thinking of purchasing the good-will of an abattoir for one week and enticing that man in on Monday to inspect the works. They duly reached Lachute and prepared for the perilous task of hooking the crown jewels of royal trout. The big man arrayed himself in the panoply of his forefathers, a costume that showed off admirably his massive frame, and, at the same time, embodied a charming naïveté and freedom while keeping his pants out of the grass. The special advantage of this costume is that it affords ample opportunities for flies and other transient visitors to find out all needful information without distracting the attention of the fisherman from his sport by asking troublesome questions. The wearer of it had never, I believe, been trout-fishing before, but he knew all about the poles and net.

The landing-net he carried, as will be noticed, differed slightly from the ordinary pattern, but he declared he had caught many a good one in it and so took it along, also a 44 calibre Smith and Wesson revolver, in case any of the larger trout chanced to surprise him while penetrating the jungle, and when the word "treck" was passed he appeared as portrayed. The regalia of the other was the usual costume of a Canadian gentleman on a small salary—quietly unobtrusive, a blending of the sporting and the picturesque, like a life sorrow chastened by adversity and sweetened by time till it merely hung about one like a memory of other days. The general appearance was restful and resigned as becomes a meek disciple of the gentle art.

It will be noticed that his rod is of the highest type—it was loaned by a friend, and was purchased by his father some thirty-five years ago, exclusive of leap years, and naturally was a bit stiff in the joints. The Scot decided to cut a rod for himself in the woods. He did it pretty thoroughly at the time and since has cut the rod altogether.

In order to reach the "corrie" or trout "burn," a drive from Lachute of some 87 miles was necessary, mostly straight up, until the Lor-wrenchin mountains were reached. Seeing that the "burn" was so far distant the sun very kindly furnished enough to last all the outward journey free of charge, the temperature ranging to 105 fryin heat at will through the country.

Finally the stream was reached and they proceeded to hunt for "spoor" of the game. The Scot, whose caber-tossing ancestry had bequeathed to him a liking for that amusement, now sought a rod, but ere going a yard he found one fit to hold anything, trout or perch, and speedily hewed down a stately maple and trimmed it to the required dimensions. To this he affixed a bell cord, borrowed from the Canadian Pacific Railway stores, and baiting up with a copy of a tempting "fly" lately issued by that company, he whirled his maple tree and cast it with a mighty chug into the swirling pool.

Very soon two huge trout, tempted by the extremely low rates offered on the "fly," had bitten and were struggling fiercely for a choice of sections, and threatening every moment to come ashore and attack the representative of the company. He clung to the rod and breathlessly tried to explain that the "fly" was only intended to catch another variety of fish, but

the trout merely replied "You can't play us for suckers," and continued their battle with unabated determination. It was a terrible and thrilling fray. The men stood transfixed watching the swirling struggle in mute amazement; they could hear the heavy breaking of the maddened trout high above the roar of the falls and the white spray dashed in their faces as the mighty tails lashed the torrent with furious blows. But the desperate melee was too madly fought to last; suddenly the fly parted in two fragments—the rates quoted were too severely cut to stand the strain, and like a flash, each fish disappeared bearing his portion of the prize to digest at his leisure and possibly to finally lose the advantage thus hardly gained in some pool.

The Scot's tackle was lost, of course, and he could fish no more, but his comrade went on and presently was fast to a good one. The son of Scotia grabbed his novel landing net and dropping his own broken tackle got between the poles and stopped several hot shots by the fish on the goal in the rapids down stream. In all likelihood he had seen lacrosse played by Canadians abroad, for he certainly handled the stick like a veteran. After a hard fight, he managed to get the net well under the fish, and with a sudden powerful swing sent the prize flashing high in the air, greeting his success with a true Hielman's piercing slogan, "Twas a short-lived triumph. The mighty impetus given to the fish carried it like a flash to the end of the tether. There was a whizz of the reel, a sudden snap, and trout, line and all went sailing magnificently through blue space until lost to view behind the towering mountains. The Scot's aptitude for Canada's national game was too pronounced—he had lost everything by over zeal, and robbed of the expected triumph meekly to the crosse he clung with naught left for him to do. The sport was done. Slowly and sadly the Canuck took his rod apart and stowed it in the dingy canvas case, then both silently descended the steep.

But the end was not yet. The wild slogan of triumph had echoed through every shadowy aisle of the forest, among the caves and ravines of the mountains, and up and down the foaming torrent, bearing to every mosquito, and fly, and miserable bug within a radius of ten miles, the glad tidings, "A chiel's amang ye takin' troots." Like a winged avalanche they poured down to see if, perchance, he might be in national costume, and when they saw him a thunderous hum of welcome announced they had come to stay. *Tempus fugit* and the "tempestuous" journey across the five hundred acres of potter's field that divided them from the rig, will never be forgotten—it the artist's hand convey the meaning.

Next day they tried to report for duty, and take up the burden of life again, but the sanitary inspector ordered the Scot off the premises until he had passed a competitive examination in incipient smallpox, and when the Canadian entered the office, his chief remarked curtly, "Don't bother me to-day, beggin'—there's ten cents, and as you go out, ask one of the clerks if he has seen anything this morning of

Ed. W. SANDYS."

Vinogenesis.

In this choice old Tokai—"tis the richest and rarest—I drink to the dead who have vanished from sight: The men who were bravest, the women the fairest, Who died and have left me so lonely to-night.

There is frost on my beard; in my heart there is chillness; My frame has the weakness of threescore and ten; But here in the solitude, calmness and stillness The love of my youth comes before me again.

The eyes of deep azure, the broad, rippling tresses With bright, liquid sunshine enshale her head; The curved, mobile mouth her emotion expresses; The zephyr no softer than sound of her tread.

Who says she is dead, that the weeds and the briars Have hidden her grave in the churchyard afar? Such as she are immortal! Be silent, ye liars! Can death slay the light or the air or a star?

Dead? No! She is living and loving and tender; New-born from the mists of the earlier years; Grace, beauty and virtue surround and defend her, And the rapture I feel finds expression in tears.

We ramble again 'mid the oaks and the beeches; We pluck from the branches the sweet plover flowers; We again interchange the same sweet, stilly speeches, And wonder why time has been stealing the hours.

Now we sit side by side in the fast growing twilight, Not caring the sun from the world may depart; No darkness appals, for we see by the eyelight, And bright to true lovers are eyes of the heart.

Our love is our riches, our splendor, our glory; We dwell in a palace with joy for a guest; What care we for those who are famous in story? What care we who serves, or who reigns o'er the rest?

Ah, darling! one kiss as of old ere we parted! She smiles on me kindly, and fades from my eye, A dream and delusion. I sit here sad-hearted, With nothing to cheer but this choice old Tokai.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

"Say Summat, Rubbert."

Our little village lies quite out of the way, embosomed in ancient elms and apple orchards, and surrounded by wide green meadows and sheltering woods. A trout stream ripples among them, and the lane leading to the plank bridge near the village has been such a favorite trysting place for many generations as to have gained the name of the Lover's Walk. On a Sunday, you might often find a shy pair sitting on the railing, happy—but apparently with nothing to say to each other. Indeed, the following remarks were overheard uttered by one such couple:

Said she to him, "Say summat, Rubbert."
"Ain't got nawt to say," was Robert's slow reply.
"Say thee lovest me," suggests the girl.
"Ar tell thee that afore."
"Well, kiss me, Rubbert."
"Ar will, present-lee," is Robert's response, who evidently wasome to take everything in due order, without hurry or excitement.

An Echo From the Crossroads Clarion.
The editor, waxing eloquent in the description of a new organ, says: "The swell dies away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Cross," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Angel, promptly obedient to that voice as usual, left the room. Duke, quietly attentive until now, had started at his brother's "Yes," and walked away. Adela stood at the window, turning pale and red, nervously wondering whether to go or stay, feeling so sure that there would be a scene, for Lady Oldcastle's face was threatening as she looked at her son. "Guy, is this true?" she asked hoarsely. "Perfectly true, mother; you heard me say so."

"In spite of my express wish," said Lady Oldcastle, "you have defied me—you have taken it upon yourself to do this!" "I have done what I felt obliged to do; you let me no choice, mother," she said, and stated to you plainly what my course of action would be. He spoke quietly, governing himself well; but Adela, looking away across the sunny flower-beds with crimson cheeks and a tingling sensation of hot tears in her eyes, knew, without looking round, what an expression of pain there was about his stern lips—what deep lines there were over his black brows; she knew so well what his face was like in trouble.

"I am sorry that the news should reach you in this way, mother," Sir Guy resumed, after a momentary pause; "I had not intended it. I should have told you myself when I had an opportunity of seeing you alone. Let me remind you that we are not alone now."

Lady Oldcastle paid no heed; perhaps she did not even hear.

"Against my express wish," she repeated—"nay, my command—just when I told you you are my most respectful, my most dutiful son!"

A smile, half sad, half grim, crossed Guy's face. "I am too old to be commanded, mother; I comply with your wishes when I can. I did not set myself against you willingly. It is no pleasure to me to assert myself as master here; it gives me little or none to be so."

Lady Oldcastle had been moving slowly towards the door. She looked round over her shoulder with a curling lip.

"With all my heart," she said slowly and deliberately, "I would you were not so! I would give half-ay, all-of the life that is before me to have your brother stand in your place!"

"Once more, mother," observed Sir Guy sternly and with an unmoved face, "let me remind you that we are not alone."

If she heard, she still gave no heed, but without another word or look passed out of the room.

Adela started forward impulsively, forgetful of or indifferent to her fearful eyes just then. "Oh, Sir Guy," she cried, "I am so sorry—indeed I am! I would have got out of the room if I could. I am so very, very sorry that I heard!"

"Don't be that," Guy returned quietly, in his grave dry way. "It is nothing new to me, and I don't think it can have surprised you much. I too am sorry that you chanced to hear, if it distresses you. Otherwise it matters very little; don't be troubled about it."

"Oh, I can't help being!" cried Adela, with a stamp of the foot which was as energetic as her voice. "It—it has put me into a temper half a dozen times!"

"She was too excited and angry to notice how this conduct would be regarded," but he observed it quickly, and a smile broke over his sombre face which was brighter than any she had ever seen there, and he made a swift movement towards her, but as he checked it.

"I am sorry," he said, "I ought to have said for that. I suppose. Never mind it now; as you said a little while ago, we need not speak of it any more."

"But," she returned wistfully, with her sweet, tearful eyes flashing out of the dark, strong face, "I do so wish I understood!"

"I have wished it for twenty years," Guy rejoined quietly.

Of all the long, dragging hours that Lady Adela Nugent ever remembered, it seemed to her that those of that magnificent July morning were the most beautiful and dearest.

She wandered from one room to another—always carefully avoiding the library, where Lady Oldcastle was writing letters—indoors and out, upstairs and down, and could rest and amuse herself nowhere, but for one thing she would have dashed off an impulsive letter to her mother, declaring that she wanted to go home. Once she did get out her desk resolutely and began; but before the first three lines were written she tore up the note and threw the fragments away.

There was no one but Pinkum to speak to; for the girl would sooner have held her tongue for a week than go and talk to Lady Oldcastle. Angel was doing penance shut up in the nursery, Duke had not been visible since the beginning of the scene which had made her so uncomfortable and angry, and Sir Guy had said at breakfast that he meant to walk over to Wildeross on business. So Adela had nothing to do but to roam about by herself.

By the time mid-day came it seemed to her that it ought to be midnight at the very least. She roused herself resolutely from her doleful contemplation of a bowl of gold fish in the conservatory, where she happened to be at that moment, and went determinedly indoors and up to her room. She would get her hat and sunshade, go down to the beach by herself, and amuse herself by unravelling the mystery of The Woman in White instead of indulging in unprofitable brooding.

"Pinkum," she said, "I have got some biscuits in my pocket, and I shall not come back to luncheon unless I feel like it. Mind you tell Lady Oldcastle where I am, because I am nearly certain not to be back until I have finished my book at any rate, and I don't want any one to be in a fever about me. She went out, and then peeped in at the door again. "Pinkum, you don't happen to know, do you, where Mr. Oldcastle is?"

"Pinkum was nearly certain that she had heard one of the maids down-stairs say just now that she thought Mr. Duke had ridden out by himself. This vague and unsatisfactory piece of information being all that was obtainable, Adela was fain to be contented with it, and so she and the Woman in White went down to the beach together.

It was almost deserted at that hour, and when the girl had established herself in words little nook at the foot of the cliffs, there were not perhaps half a dozen figures within sight as far along the shore as her eyes could reach. Out on the bright waters, at some distance, a boat was visible, which she knew was John Troubadour looking in the sunshine like a fairy vessel. The scene was very peaceful and lovely, with all its gorgeous glow and glitter, and had she come there bookless she might have yielded to melancholy musing again. As it was she found the charms of The Woman in White much more seductive than those of the scenery.

She was absorbed in scrambling out of her bedroom window and cautiously taking an airy promenade on the roof of the veranda with Miss Halcornbe, when some one who had been leisurely approaching her retreat in the cautious and sizzling fashion which the nature of the beach rendered necessary stopped so close to her that a shadow fell upon the page.

Adela looked up with a start that was almost accompanied by a cry. Was it Count Fosco? No—only Duke.

He had been a little doubtful about his reception, although he was not there without a plain

excuse, and although he had followed her with a firm determination to put his fate to the touch then and there and get it over. He was not exactly doubtful about the result, but he was naturally a little nervous. He was not for the moment repelled less so by Adela's look. She recognized him with an unmistakable frown.

"I am afraid I have disturbed you," he said. "Perfectly obvious." With the pretty, coolly impertinent manner and tone to which she so often treated him, she shut her book, keeping the place with her finger without any attempt to disguise the fact. "I was not aware that you knew where I was. You must be gifted with second sight."

"Not exactly I asked your maid," "That goose of a Pinkum!" Duke wondered privately if Pinkum was regarded as a goose for having told him.

"Was I wanted then?" asked Adela languidly. "Not exactly wanted; I did not come to disturb you. My mother has had a letter from Lady Nugent, and, as there was one for you too, I thought you would like to have it as soon as possible."

"And so you really came all through this broiling sun to bring it to me? I am awfully obliged of course; but surely it would have kept for a little while. My mother's letters are not usually so amazingly urgent." She had risen now, in her little quick way, still keeping a tight hold upon the Woman in White, and thinking a good deal more about Miss Halcornbe on the veranda-roof than about Marmaduke Oldcastle on the sands beside her. "Give it to me, please."

Duke obeyed. It was a daintily monogrammed envelope, directed in a hand all points and long tails. Adela sighed, and looked at it dubiously with her head on one side. "I don't think I've energy enough to attack it just now," she said. "Long letters, particularly when crossed, are enfeebling things. This is a long one—two sheets at least—and my mother's letters are invariably crossed; it is a weakness of hers. Didn't you say that Lady Oldcastle had had one too? Tell me what that is in that, if you know, and I'll postpone this until I get home again."

Duke did not know perfectly well—indeed, his knowledge of the contents of Lady Nugent's letter had been his principal inducement for this sultry stroll. He hesitated, with some appearance of awkwardness. "There is no bad news," asked the girl quickly.

"No, Lady Adela; you will not think so, I dare say—that is left for us. It seems that Lady Nugent still wishes you to leave us. According to my mother's letter, she will expect to see you at Sugbrooke on Saturday."

"Oh," cried the girl, with a blank face—"and this is Thursday! How tiresome of mamma! Why, it hardly gives me time to say good-bye!"

The sudden paling of her pretty face, its rueful surprise, regret, and dismay, encouraged Duke, and made his heart beat as fast as ever a woman had made it beat yet. He would never have a more favorable chance of speaking than her face and manner seemed to give him now; and her last words had most innocently and neatly paved the way.

"Need we say 'Good-bye,' Adela?" He caught and held her hand. "I have ventured to hope that we might never do that in reality. Have I been presumptuous? You will let me speak now, will you not, when—"

The girl drew her hand away quickly and resolutely; her momentarily pale cheeks were now flushed, but their rich color faded slowly as she spoke.

"Please do not!" she said most unaffectedly, looking at him with the frankest, most kindly of eyes. "It is such a pity to say things that we might have avoided saying, and then be sorry afterwards! If you went on, we should both be sorry, and be awkward and unhappy besides. I have had such a pleasant visit here, and every one has been so kind to me, that I am sure you would not like to spoil the last day or two of it. We have been very good friends since we knew each other—we ought to be, for we are almost relatives—and so I know!"

—she looked at him again with quite as much command and entreaty in her eyes—"that you will do as I ask you, and only tell me that you are sorry my visit is over."

Rejected? Considerately spared the humiliation of making a useless avowal, but resolutely, quietly, hopelessly rejected. Duke knew it as thoroughly as he could possibly have known it had he made the plainest proposal and received the plainest refusal. But he was not grateful for the delicacy with which she had spared him and made him understand her. In the first place, he was astonished and intensely chagrined; he felt thrown off his balance—that he was rendered ridiculous. Then he cared quite enough for her to feel honestly and genuinely wounded and disappointed; and then there were his debts and her £700!

He knew that her look and her words equally forbade him to persist, and he knew—angrily and helplessly knew—that he would do himself no possible good by speaking. But he did persist; the idea that he had really a right to speak was so new to him, was such a blow to his too complacent vanity, that he could not realize his failure all at once—could not accept her decision as final. He was used to such an easy victory, and he had never cared so much about winning before. To Adela's own astonishment, there was genuine feeling, genuine pain, in his face and voice as he looked at her for a moment, biting his lip, and then spoke again.

"Am I to accept this as final, Lady Adela? You will not be cruel enough to insist upon that? I have been perhaps rash, precipitate, but surely I may hope that at some future time you will allow me to speak? May I conclude that?"

There was a tone here of confidence, of assurance, that roused Adela's sensitive pride and displeased her mightily. He had spoken without encouragement—he was persisting against plain rejection. The color that rose in her cheeks was angry now. He hardly deserved, she thought, that she should have taken the trouble to try to spare him.

"It is final, Mr. Oldcastle," she said coldly; "I hope you will understand that it is so. And your persistence forces me to remind you, she added with spirit, "that you have received no encouragement to address me in this way. I—I hoped that I had made you see that."

"Then you allow," she said, catching quickly at the words, "that you knew what my hopes and intentions were?"

"I feared," she corrected quietly, "that you might entertain them. I am sorry, very sorry, that you should have done so. With a sudden flash of information being all that was obtainable, Adela was fain to be contented with it, and so she and the Woman in White went down to the beach together.

It was almost deserted at that hour, and when the girl had established herself in words little nook at the foot of the cliffs, there were not perhaps half a dozen figures within sight as far along the shore as her eyes could reach. Out on the bright waters, at some distance, a boat was visible, which she knew was John Troubadour looking in the sunshine like a fairy vessel. The scene was very peaceful and lovely, with all its gorgeous glow and glitter, and had she come there bookless she might have yielded to melancholy musing again. As it was she found the charms of The Woman in White much more seductive than those of the scenery.

She was absorbed in scrambling out of her bedroom window and cautiously taking an airy promenade on the roof of the veranda with Miss Halcornbe, when some one who had been leisurely approaching her retreat in the cautious and sizzling fashion which the nature of the beach rendered necessary stopped so close to her that a shadow fell upon the page.

Adela looked up with a start that was almost accompanied by a cry. Was it Count Fosco? No—only Duke.

He had been a little doubtful about his reception, although he was not there without a plain

"Your brother—Sir Guy?" Lady Adela questioned, with a flush on her face and a flash in her eyes. "I don't understand you. Explain yourself, please."

"He has been telling you something about me in connection with that little girl—Miss Stone," Duke said abruptly.

The words had no sooner passed his lips than he saw what he had done, and knew that this would have lost him his case if it had not been lost already. The surprise on her face turned to contempt—to frigid disdain.

"You are mistaken," she returned haughtily; "your brother has not once mentioned your name to me in connection with Miss Stone."

The words that Marmaduke Oldcastle would have liked to speak just then would not have been pleasant ones to listen to. He could have anathematized himself for his precipitate folly; for, failing Guy, he did not believe it possible that Adela could have heard even a whisper connecting him with Amy Stone; and now, like a blundering idiot, he had blurted out the girl's name and roused Adela's suspicions against himself. He was self-betrayed and self-defeated, as he believed, and, in his wrath and mortification, his usually ready tongue was mute for a moment—a moment in which Adela quietly slipped her letter into her pocket and as quietly picked up her fallen book.

"We need not speak of this again," she said composedly. "I say once more that I am sorry, and that I would have prevented it if I could; but I hope you are as sure of that as I am. Will you ask Lady Oldcastle not to wait luncheon for me, please—if you are going back to the house, that is? I shall not come in just yet."

She inclined her head in token of farewell and dismissal; and he, bowing formally in return, made no attempt to detain her further. Presently Adela looked back over her shoulder, and saw him hurrying away as fast as the rough footing would let him, and so stood quiet and watched him until he was out of sight of the rugged cliff hid him from sight.

She was a little flurried and nervous now, although she had contrived to be so cool and calm and resolute, and the little laugh she gave was rather treacherous and unsteady, and presently there were tears in her bright eyes.

There was only one thing she felt certain of as she turned and walked on slowly, her eyes fixed upon the glittering sea, and that was that she could not go back just yet to meet Lady Oldcastle's eyes. She gave a slight shiver of reluctance and repugnance at the thought. No; she must be by herself and think and get quite cool and composed first.

She stopped, bending her head down in the glare of the sun and the unopened sunshade. The heat was at its greatest—it was almost unbearable. Was there no little shady nook in which she could sit and remember that it was all Duke's fault and not at all hers, and, moreover, that it could not possibly be called any business of Lady Oldcastle's?

She looked about her. She had strolled, as she mused, farther along the shore than she had ever wandered before—ever past the little cove where the Belle Aurore lay at anchor, solitary and deserted, rocking softly on the lapping water. Just at this point another great projecting mass of the cliff stretched half across the cove, and, as one of the "rambles" Sir Guy had pointed it out, and told her that it was as nearly as possible half-way between the Towers and Wildeross, and further, that, owing to the curiously-shaped cleft in the projecting cliff, some dozen feet from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, if rough, was in deep shadow, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, she stepped up, and, having reached the top, using her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be fun to bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

quietly replied the other. "You seem to have met with a sad loss, and I'm anxious to help you. Here is a wooden leg which may fit you."

The leg was handed over, the man sat down on the steps and strapped it on, and as he got up and stumbled through the gate, he said to himself:

"I've heard of coincidences ever since I was knee-high to a hop toad, but this is the first one that ever hit me with both feet to once!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You are mistaken," she returned haughtily; "your brother has not once mentioned your name to me in connection with Miss Stone."

The words that Marmaduke Oldcastle would have liked to speak just then would not have been pleasant ones to listen to. He could have anathematized himself for his precipitate folly; for, failing Guy, he did not believe it possible that Adela could have heard even a whisper connecting him with Amy Stone; and now, like a blundering idiot, he had blurted out the girl's name and roused Adela's suspicions against himself. He was self-betrayed and self-defeated, as he believed, and, in his wrath and mortification, his usually ready tongue was mute for a moment—a moment in which Adela quietly slipped her letter into her pocket and as quietly picked up her fallen book.

"We need not speak of this again," she said composedly. "I say once more that I am sorry, and that I would have prevented it if I could; but I hope you are as sure of that as I am. Will you ask Lady Oldcastle not to wait luncheon for me, please—if you are going back to the house, that is? I shall not come in just yet."

She inclined her head in token of farewell and dismissal; and he, bowing formally in return, made no attempt to detain her further. Presently Adela looked back over her shoulder, and saw him hurrying away as fast as the rough footing would let him, and so stood quiet and watched him until he was out of sight of the rugged cliff hid him from sight.

She was a little flurried and nervous now, although she had contrived to be so cool and calm and resolute, and the little laugh she gave was rather treacherous and unsteady, and presently there were tears in her bright eyes.

There was only one thing she felt certain of as she turned and walked on slowly, her eyes fixed upon the glittering sea, and that was that she could not go back just yet to meet Lady Oldcastle's eyes. She gave a slight shiver of reluctance and repugnance at the thought. No; she must be by herself and think and get quite cool and composed first.

She stopped, bending her head down in the glare of the sun and the unopened sunshade. The heat was at its greatest—it was almost unbearable. Was there no little shady nook in which she could sit and remember that it was all Duke's fault and not at all hers, and, moreover, that it could not possibly be called any business of Lady Oldcastle's?

She looked about her. She had strolled, as she mused, farther along the shore than she had ever wandered before—ever past the little cove where the Belle Aurore lay at anchor, solitary and deserted, rocking softly on the lapping water. Just at this point another great projecting mass of the cliff stretched half across the cove, and, as one of the "rambles" Sir Guy had pointed it out, and told her that it was as nearly as possible half-way

Camping Supplies

Telephone 344 for
Cheapest Canned Meats, Fish and Fruits. Finest Wines and Liquors constantly on hand.
Discount of 5 per cent. on orders of \$10 or over.

MARSLAND & KENNEDY

FAMILY GROCERS

285 King St. West - Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

The Old and Popular Rail Route to

MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO

And all Principal Points in

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.

For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.

P. J. BLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

ANCHOR LINE

ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE

Liverpool via Queenstown

GLASGOW SERVICE

Steamers every Saturday to Glasgow and Londonderry.

For Rates, Plans and all information, apply to

M. D. Murdoch & Co.

AGENTS, 62 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Cunard S.S. Line

In patronised by Toronto's

BEST SOCIETY

Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed

A. F. WEBSTER

Sole Agent 56 Yonge St

TAYLOR & CO.

ART TAILORS

120½ WEST KING ST.

OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE ENTRANCE.

Perfect Workmanship and [Correct Style of Dress for Gentlemen's Wear at Reasonable Prices. Personal attention given to all patrons by our Mr. Charles M. Taylor.

FRANK L. SANAGAN & CO.

THE NOBBY TAILORS

241 YONGE STREET

McCAUSLAND & SON'S

SUPERIOR

STAINED GLASS AND WALL PAPER

72 TO 78 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

TELEPHONE 1112

Trunks and Valises

SATCHELS and PURSES

Best Goods. Lowest Prices

C. C. POMEROY

49 King Street West TORONTO

55 CENTS

The small purchase amounting to five or six cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—\$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circular.

RUSSELL'S

9 King Street West, Toronto

CANDY

BY MAIL AND EXPRESS

IN

2 lb., 4 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes

FROM 25c. TO 50c. PER LB.

These are all hand-made goods and fresh every day.

HARRY WEBB, 477 Yonge St.

TORONTO

JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

PAstry COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

ICE CREAM PARLOR NOW OPEN

Picnics and Parties Supplied with Cream and Cakes.

Try our Snowflake

Homemade Bread.

New Store

Cor. Yonge and

Edward Sts.,

and 160 Bay St.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY

Telephone—Yonge St., 1515; Bay St. 577

MEDLAND & JONES

Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accident Insurance.

Office—Mail Building, Toronto. Telephone 1067

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE

PHOTOGRAPHER

Outdoor Views, Photo Engraving, Photographing on Zinc, Commercial Photography, Life-Size Gelatin-Bromide Enlargements, Photographing on Wood by Meadows' Process.

40 Jarvis Street, Toronto

CALL ON MOORE & CO.

IF YOU WANT

A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH

Of yourself or friends, or your house with family group in front. Taken at a very price.

MOORE & CO., 147 Yonge Street.

Mr. HAMILTON MCCARTHY, A.R.C.A., Sculptor

Has removed to commodious premises on the ground floor of New Buildings on Lombard Street, immediately opposite Postoffice.

SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer

116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West

Photographs of all sizes

Sunbeams \$1 per doz.

JOHN P. MILL

Watchmaker and Jeweler

Watches and Wedding Rings a specialty. Special attention to all kinds of Repairing

445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave. Toronto

THE HUB CAFE

And MERCHANTS' LUNCH COUNTER

First-class in every respect. A specialty is the choice butter and the best made procurable. All the delicacies of the season and prompt attendance. Private dining-room up-stairs. Reading and smoking rooms attached.

12 Colborne St., W. R. BINGHAM, PROP.

M. McCONNELL

46 and 48 King Street East.

Commandador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Most and Chandon "White Seal," George Goulet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

THE JEWELL RESTAURANT

Jordan Street

This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.

Reading and smoking rooms.

HENRY MORGAN - Proprietor

Grand Opera Sample Room

The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.

D. SMALL, Proprietor.

CONFEDERATION

Life Association

TORONTO.

F. H. SEFTON

DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store

OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY

Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.

CHAS. P. LENNOX

Yonge Street Arcade - Room B

Telephone 1848

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, \$8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE

Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto

New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.

Telephone 3631

MR. HIPKINS

DENTIST

FOOTMS, No. 1 COLLEGE AVENUE

(Over Wood's Drug Store, cor. Yonge street.)

ME. PAUL JULIEN

The Distinguished Musician and Vocal Teacher from Paris and New York

Will reside in Toronto through the spring and summer months, and is now ready to receive pupils in all branches of musical instruction.

For particulars apply to

A. & S. NORDHEIMER, King Street, and SULLIVAN & SONS, Yonge Street, Toronto.

HENRI DE BESSE, Violinist

(Formerly with Prof. Hubert Leonard, of Paris, and Concert-master Edmund Singer, of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Stuttgart, lately first Professor of the Violin at the New York Conservatory of Music), will receive pupils in all branches of violin playing; also for the piano-forte from the beginning to the highest proficiency, after Paris and Stuttgart methods. For terms apply at studio and residence, No. 179 Church Street.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Organ, Piano and Harmony

94 Gloucester Street

A. S. VOGT

(LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatory, Leipzig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of

Piano, Organ and Musical Theory

at the Toronto College of Music

Residence 305 Jarvis Street

MISS LIZZIE HIGGINS

Late of Royal Conservatorium, Leipzig, Germany

Teacher of Piano-forte, Harmony, Counterpoint, &c., at the Toronto College of Music, is prepared to receive pupils or private instruction at her residence,

16 CLARENCE SQUARE

PERCY W. GREENWOOD

Organist All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practice. Address 239 Sherbourne street.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

142 Carlton Street Opposite the Gardens

This is a Private School, patronized by the best families in the city. The principal teacher who has had charge of the school for the past four years is a German, educated in his native country, and has had thirty years experience as a teacher of music in the United States and Canada. Mechanical playing of scales and exercises retards the intellectual part of Piano instruction, which is the foundation of a thorough and lasting education. By our method we overcome this difficulty without sacrificing technical proficiency. Thorough work guaranteed from the lowest to the highest grade. Private instruction at pupils' residence preferred. For information address the Principal, C. FARRINGER.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

A SPECIAL

SUMMER TERM

Will be held from July 8 to August 9

For terms, etc., early application should be made to

F. H. TORRINGTON,

12 and 14 Pembroke Street.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

600 PUPILS IN SESSION

MUSIC taught in all its departments, also Education and Languages. Certificates and Diplomas. FREE Harmony and Violin Classes, Concert Practice, Grand and Small Organs. Address: EDWARD FISHER, Director, Cor. Yonge St. and Wilton Ave., TORONTO.

REGULAR SUMMER NORMAL SESSION

July 8 to August 10

J. W. L. FORSTER ART

Studio - 81 King St. East

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Ontario Academy, 47 Phoebe Street

Careful tuition and training for commercial life or the various professions.

Private tuition for students in the evening. Send for prospectus.

R. W. DILLON, M.A., Principal.

Claxton's

Music Stores

197 Yonge Street

AND

63 King Street West

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

MUSIC DEALERS

283 Yonge St., Toronto

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

"IMPERIAL" CORNETS

The best in the world, as used by

MESSRS. CLARE and BAIRD

Canada's greatest cornet soloist and

endorsed by JULES LEVY.

Everything in the music line and

at the right prices. All the latest

publications in stock. Publishers of

the Canadian Musician.

New Sacred Songs

GARDEN OF PRAYER---F and G

By VERNON REV

KING DAVID'S LAMENT---D and F

By FRANK SWIFT.

Price 50 Cents Each

TORONTO

EDWIN ASHDOWN

89 Yonge Street, and London, Eng.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Court House, Adelaide Street

and 138 Carlton Street

A. B. McBRIDE

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c.

Room C, 16 Victoria street, Toronto.

Money to loan

Bronze Medal 1884.—GOLD MEDALIST.—Gold Medal 1886

OSTRICH FEATHER DYES

The most reliable place in the City to have Broken and Defective Feathers Re-made into Handsome Feather, Pom-poms, Aligettes and Mousses. Feathers Shaded or Dyed in the Latest French Styles and Colors.

TURNER & BUTLER, 89 Bay Street (west side, near Wellington) Toronto.

MISS PLUMMER

MODISTE

53 GLOUCESTER STREET

THE MAGIC SCALE

Best system of cutting ladies' and children's garments.

HALL'S BAZAAR DRESS FORMS

For draping dresses. Adjustable to any measure.

MISS CHUBB, 426 1-2 Yonge St.

MRS. MILLER

(LATE OF 100 YONGE ST.)

Modiste, Dress and Mantle Maker

HAS REMOVED TO

267 SPADINA AVENUE

DRESSMAKERS' NEW

TAILOR SYSTEM OF

SQUARE MEASURE-

MENT (late Prof. Moody's)

drafts direct without paper

or patterns. J. & A. CARTER,

Practical Dressmakers and

Milliners, 373 Yonge street,

Toronto. Agents wanted.

DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS

The Toronto Carpet and Plush Res. Co. have removed to 500½ Yonge Street, to more commodious premises, where they are prepared to fill all orders for renovating carpets without removing from the floor. Don't be deceived by the frauds going through the city, for we have no agents out.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limit-d)

OFFICE No. 72 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Deposits received small and large sums. Interest at highest current rates allowed

HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

THOMAS MOFFAT

FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES

A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class

195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ASBURY HALL.

H. & C. Blatchford

Out of Town.

HARRIE.

The members of the Amateur Athletic Association gave a grand minstrel concert on May 24. They were greeted with one of the largest audiences ever seen in the town hall. Mr. J. C. Morgan, who is always popular in musical circles, was conductor and director for the evening. The programme consisted of solos, duets, choruses, and banjo solos. The jokes and local hits were very amusing and caused great laughter. A farce entitled "The Telephone Genius," co. cluded the evening's performance. The same association also arranged the games and sports for the afternoon which were held in the Agricultural Park. The members of the A. A. A. are to be congratulated on the successful way in which the programme for the day was carried out.

On the opening day of the Lawn Tennis Club, quite a number were present, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Several good sets were played. On entering the lawn the ladies were met by the secretary, Mr. F. H. Lander. Those on the grounds were, Mrs. Lander, Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mrs. R. Barwick of Toronto, Miss Hornsby, Miss Kortright, Mr. Alves Boys, Miss B. Mason, Miss Schreiber, Miss Spry, Mr. Gillett, Miss Stewart, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. A. P. Ardagh, Miss Cotter, Miss T. Mason, Mr. P. Kortright, Miss H. Bird, Mr. E. R. Morton, Miss Baker, Mr. H. Ardagh, Miss K. Stevenson, Dr. W. A. Ross.

Miss Ethel McCarthy of Toronto spent a few days with relatives in town last week.

Mrs. Arthur Grasset of Toronto was the guest of Mrs. John Strathy of Orenda last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Way, have returned home after spending the winter on the continent.

BRANTFORD.

The Lawn Tennis Club opened their season with an At Home on their beautiful grounds on Sheridan street, on May 18. The weather was delightful, although almost too warm for playing. But the bright dresses of the ladies and picturesque suits of the gentlemen formed a gay and pretty scene. Amongst the strangers present I noticed Miss Wyatt of Toronto, Miss Birch of Sarnia, Miss Hutton of Toronto, and Mr. Young of Hamilton.

A party of ladies and gentlemen celebrated the Queen's birthday by going to Galt on May 23, and canoeing down the river on the 24th. They spent a delightful day, arriving home about nine o'clock.

Miss Lizzie Carlsle sailed for England on May 23, expecting to remain there for a year.

Mr. Ralph Heville sailed for England on May 29 for a three months' visit to friends there.

Mrs. W. A. Wilkes left last Tuesday on a visit to friends in Sarnia.

Society is on the qui vive over several weddings that will take place shortly; of which, more anon.

How It Came About.

Exasperated Gardener—I wonder who tore up my garden in this style?
Gardener's Little Boy—The old hen did it with her little scratch it.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King Street East.

PAVILION MUSIC HALL

Tuesday, June 4, 8 p.m.

TORRINGTON'S ORCHESTRA

Miss Maude Burdette, contralto; Mr. A. E. Dent, tenor; Herr Ludwig Crell, cello; Mr. B. L. Clarke, cornet; Mr. F. Smith, euphonium; F. H. Torrington, musical director.

Reserved seats 50c. Admission 25c.

Plan now open at Nordheimers.

GILMORE'S BAND

Mammoth Jubilee Festival

THE FAMOUS NEW YORK BAND!

Battery of Artillery! Anvil Brigade!

Right great vocal artists: Clementina De Vere, Blanche Stone Barton, Helen Dudley Campbell, Signor Ferrari, Myron W. Whitney, Halo Campanelli, Eugene De Dankwardt, Giuseppe del Puente.

Grand Philharmonic Chorus

AND THE Greatest Musical Combination in America

FOUR GRAND CONCERTS

Thursday and Friday, June 13 and 14

CALEDONIA RINK, MUTUAL STREET

Matinees, 50 cents. Evening concerts, \$1. Plans of seats open at Nordheimers Tuesday, June 4.

Miss Jessie Couthou

THE CELEBRATED ELOCUTIONIST

AT

Bond Street Congregational Church

Tuesday Evening, June 4

Tickets - - - 25 Cents

LONG BRANCH SUMMER RESORT

First-class Hotel on European Plan. Residential Lots. Elegant Summer Cottages. First-rate Steamboat Service.

BOOK TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

City Office—84 Church St. Telephone 1772

THE OLD RELIABLE GOLDEN BOOT

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

FINE SHOES

246 YONGE ST.

W. WEST & CO.

Our Ladies' \$3.00 Button Boot, Dongola Kid, is unsurpassed. Ladies' Walking Shoes—Stylish, Cheap, Good. Gentlemen's Sporting Shoes—all kinds.

W. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street.

ED. E. FARRINGER

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

Instruction on Piano, Violin, Guitar and Cornet

58 Homewood Ave

"NIAGARA RIVER LINE"

PALACE STEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

IN CONNECTION WITH

New York Central & Michigan Central Ry's

FOR

Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, &c.

Steamer "Chicora" begins single trips Monday, May 20, leaving Yonge Street Wharf at 7 a.m.

Tickets at all principal offices.

Special rates to Societies, Sunday Schools, &c.

FAVORITE STEAMER

EMPRESS OF INDIA

1889

Leaves Toronto Wharf, Toronto, daily at 3:40 p.m., for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, &c.

Close connections, quick time, choice of routes, low rates for excursion parties. Season tickets for sale.

W. A. GEDDIS, Agent. A. W. HEPBURN, Manager.

THE WORLD TYPEWRITER

PRICE \$10

Writes Easily 35 to 40 words per Minute

Simple, practical, durable typewriter. It never gets out of order. No instruction required. Can be carried in the satchel and used on the cars. All professional and business men need it. Call and see it, or send for circular, mentioning this paper. The Typewriter Improvement Co., Boston, Mass. Branch Office—7 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Copying done at three cents per hundred words.

NEW FICTION

AT

Marvellously Low Prices

"How I Escaped," edited by the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," by John Bodwin's "Testimony," by Mary Hallowell Foote, at 30 cents; and "The Battle of the Swans and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton, and under same cover Dr. W. George Beers' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

J. THEO. ROBINSON, Publisher

MONTREAL

Ask for them at your bookseller's.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

See the No. 9 and No. 12 Sewing Machines

THE PRACTICAL RESULTS OF 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

The light running, high arm and noiseless No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, for elegance of design, excellence of workmanship, simplicity and durability, and for all family purposes, has no equal.

We invite inspection of manufacturers and others, interested in first-class sewing machinery, to our No. 12 and D 19 Machines. Also our Automatic Button-Hole Machine, with automatic cutter combined. Estimates furnished for complete sewing machine plant for any branch of manufacturing. Special sewing machinery of all kinds supplied to order. Needles and attachments for all kinds of work.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUF'G CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE FOR ONTARIO—266 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Telephone 277

GEO. BARRETT, Manager.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

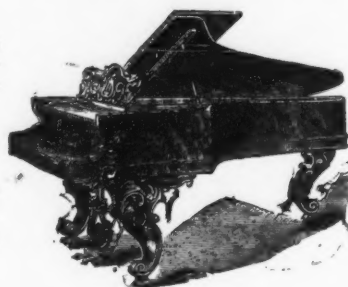
MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

P. J. Lloyd

247 Yonge St., opp. Trinity Square

TELEPHONE 295

CATERER

LATE OF LLOYD BROS.

HAS OPENED

A FIRST-CLASS

Lunch Parlor and Catering Establishment

AT ABOVE ADDRESS

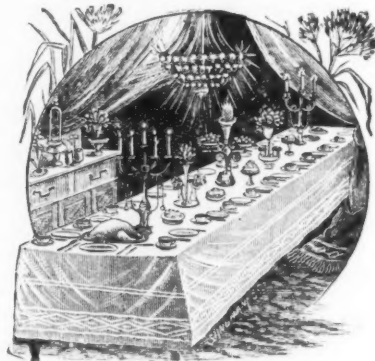
Dinner Parties, at Homes, and Families Supplied with Cakes, Jellies, Ices, Charlotte Russe, Salads and Ice Cream, and all requisites on short notice

WEDDING CAKES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION TO ORDER

A General Assortment of Cakes, Pastry, Macaroons, Lady Fingers, Angel Cakes, etc., made fresh daily.

247 Yonge Street, opp. Trinity Square.

Telephone 295



McKeown & Company's Great Sale for June

COMMENCING THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING

For this sale we have bought a large lot of New Goods—the latest productions of novelties in Dress Goods, Silks, Chambrays, Satins and Prints at nearly half the original prices, together with the balance of Charles Morgan & Co.'s stock. We will offer special inducements to the ladies of Toronto visiting us during the sale, as we are anxious to make this the sale of the season.

Plain and Figured Pongee Silks worth 65c., selling for 45c. French Printed Delaines, 45c. and 60c. Beautiful All-wool Dress Goods, 75c., 10c., 12c., worth 15c. to 30c. Combination Robes in every color, \$5.50, original price \$10. New Chambrays, 10c., 12c., 15c. and 20c., worth 20c. to 35c. a yard. New French Printed Satens, 20c. and 25c., worth 30c. to 35c. a yard. New patterns in Prints, 5c., 6c., 7c., 8c., 9c., 10c., and 12c. Parasols and Sunshades, 25c., 35c., 50c., \$1. \$1.50. Great value in Cashmere, Cotton and Thread Hosiery, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c. and 40c. Part Black Hosiery, 10c., 12c., 15c., 20c. and 25c. Kid Gloves, 35c., 50c., 75c. and \$1. Taffeta and Silk Gloves, 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c. Special reductions in Ladies' and Children's Underwear.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES

Great inducements in Laces, 3c., 5c., 10c. and 12c. Embroideries, 5c., 6c., 7c., 8c., 10c. and 12c. Scarf Nets and Veilings, 3c., 5c. and 10c. a yard. Children's Embroidered Collars, 12c. each. Handkerchiefs, 6 for 10c., 4 for 10c., 3 for 10c. Fine Hem-stitched Linen Handkerchiefs, 10c., 15c., 20c. Ribbons, Corsets, Dress Buttons and Trimmings. Lace flouncings, 60 inches deep, and thousands of other bargains in every department.

Ladies of Toronto, don't miss this grand chance to secure new and seasonable goods at your own prices. Our Dressmaking Rooms are in charge of a first-class American modiste.

McKEOWN & COMPANY, 182 Yonge St.

EVERYDAY SOAP REGISTERED

GAS STOVES

Toronto Gas Stove and Supply Co.

C. A. PEARSON

Proprietor

MANUFACTURERS OF

GAS COOKING

AND

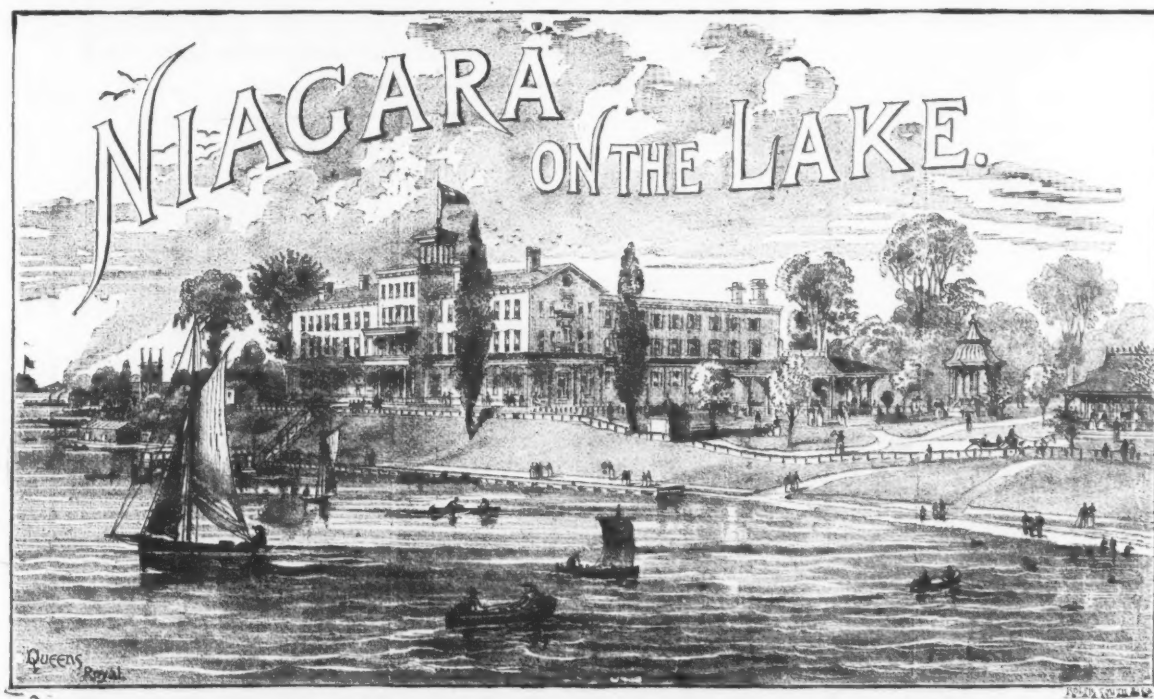
HEATING STOVES

DEALERS IN

Gas Grate Fires, Lamps and Gas Appliances Generally

REMOVING TO 203 YONGE STREET

TORONTO



THE QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, and is located in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of Niagara River. Opens for the season June 15. Has accommodation for 300 guests. Complete with all modern improvements. The rooms are mostly "en suite," and well adapted for families. Good fishing, bathing and boating. Four lawn tennis courts. For terms and illustrated circular apply to

McGAW & WINNETT,

The Queen's, Toronto.

The Echo Of the Court.

A year or two ago, while Mr. Parsons was addressing the court at New Haven, Conn., an ass in the street happened to bray so loudly as to interrupt the learned gentleman, whereupon the Judge said:

"One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time, if you please."

This sally caused much merriment in the court, but did not in the least discompose Mr. Parsons, who pursued the tenor of his discourse as if nothing of the kind had happened. He was not, however, insensible, to the merit of the joke, nor willing to let it go unrewarded; and an opportunity was soon offered him of giving a "Roland for an Oliver." When the Judge was charging the jury, the same ass, who seemed fond of the vicinity of the court, brayed again, and "deeper and deeper still." At this moment the Judge was so entirely taken up with the business in progress that he quite forgot his own joke, and, startled at the sound, he hastily said:

"What's that—what noise is that?"

"It is only the echo of the Court, your Honor," said Mr. Parsons gravely.

The justice and excellence of this retort were acknowledged by the peals of laughter with which the court resounded, and in which the Judge himself could not refrain from joining.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

WEBSTER—On May 18, at Toronto, Mrs. A. F. Webster—a son.
PARKER—On May 24, at Toronto, Mrs. G. N. Parker—a son.
HUTCHINSON—On May 25, at Alliston, Mrs. W. Hutchinson—a son.
ELLIOT—On May 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Reginald Elliot—a daughter.
ROWLEY—On May 10, at South Kensington, London, England, Mrs. William E. Rowley—a son.
WARRINGTON—On May 25, at Toronto, Mrs. F. Warrington—a son.
KERTLAND—On May 26, at Toronto, Mrs. M. M. Kertland—a son.
O'NEIL—On May 24, at Lucan, Mrs. F. A. O'Neil—a daughter.

Marriages.

McKENZIE—LAWES—On May 22, at Cobourg, Ont., J. McKenzie of Toronto, to Bertha Lawes.
COLHOUN—McCALLUM—On May 1, at Pine Grove, Ont., William Colhoun to Mary McCallum, both of York Township.
SIMS—BOYLE—On May 22, at St. Catharines, Ont., Thomas C. Sims of Little Current, Algoma, to Charlotte Maude Boyle of Toronto.
TOPPER—HARDWICK—On May 8, at Vaughan, George Topper to Sarah Hardwick.
DEWAR—ALLIN—At Oshawa, Stewart Dewar to Charlotte W. Allin, both of Oshawa.
HALL—HUTCHESON—On May 9, at Jersey City, Harvey R. Hall of Port Hope, Ont., to May Hutcheson of Jersey City.

Deaths.

LOCKE—On May 28, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary Jane Locke LIVERY—On May 28, at Tavistock, William Livery, aged 38 years.
McCABE—At Toronto, Mrs. Mary McCabe.
McBIRNEY—On May 28, at Toronto, Samuel McBirney, aged 66 years.
RENNIE—On May 28, at Agincourt, Gordon Rennie, aged 67 years.
SEAGER—On May 27, at Richmond Hill, Edmund Seager, aged 80 years.
McKENNA—On May 29, at Toronto, William McKenna, aged 54 years.
BARR—On May 25, at Lindsay, Mrs. Charles D. Barr, aged 37.
CAYANAGH—On May 26, at Toronto, Mrs. F. L. Cavanagh, aged 35 years.
TAYLOR—On May 25, at Toronto, Mrs. Agnes Taylor.
LAMB—On May 26, at Toronto, James Alexander Lamb, aged 18 years.
BECK—On May 25, at Hyde Park, Ill., F. F. Beck, formerly of Hamilton, aged 22 years.
YOUNGHUSAND—On May 14, in London, Eng., Mrs. C. W. Younghusand, third daughter of the late Mr. Justice Jones of Toronto, aged 65 years.
GORRINGE—On May 27, at Toronto, Thomas P. Goringe.
SMITH—On May 23, at New York, Mrs. S. W. B. Smith, aged 30 years.

GO NOW

BY THE



TO
DOLORAINE
MOOSOMIN
GLENBORO
SALT COATS
MOOSEJAW
CALGARY
AND RETURN

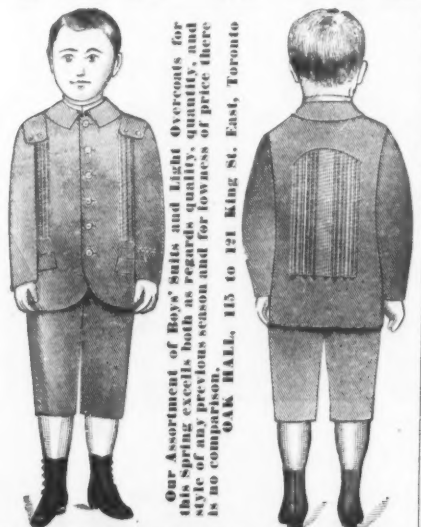
\$28

\$30

\$35

Special Colonist Excursions will leave all points in Ontario, Shabot Lake, Kingston and west thereof—on
June 4th, Return until 14th, '89
11th, " " 21st, "
18th, " " 28th, "
For full particulars apply to nearest station or ticket agent.

OAK HALL



WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

WATCHES

In GOLD, SILVER and FILLED CASE
at Rock Bottom Prices

GEO. E. TROREY
Manufacturing Jeweler
81 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

Do you expect factory-made garments to show that dainty perfection you want to see in Baby's dress? But with either of the two new and elegant Family Sewing Machines just produced by the Singer Manufacturing Co. you can do work good enough even for Baby.

WE GUARANTEE PERFECTION.



The Singer
Manufacturing
Company
No. 66
King St. West
Toronto
—
Agencies
Everywhere

M. STAUNTON & CO.
WALL PAPERS
FOR DECORATIONS
Paints and Hangings
M. STAUNTON & CO.
4 KING ST. WEST Toronto

ALLAN FURNITURE CO.
5 KING EAST TORONTO

- DRAWING-ROOM SUITES
- LADIES' SECRETARIES
- DINING-ROOM SETS
- PARLOR CABINETS
- CHIFFONIERS
- TWISTED TABLES
- FANCY CHAIRS, &c.

FURNITURE

FINE AND MEDIUM

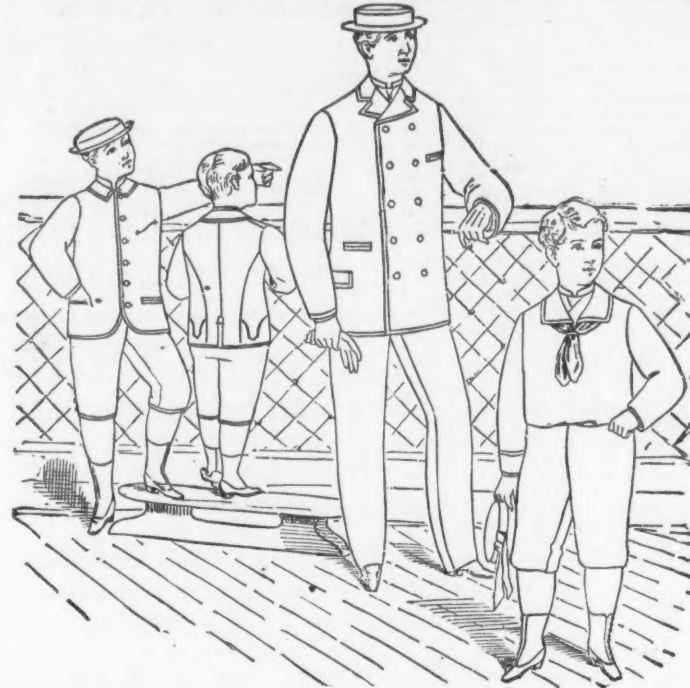
Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE

UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

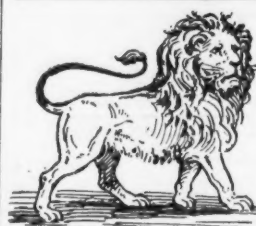
Having a first-class staff of men I am enabled to give full satisfaction at very reasonable prices.
Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

488 Yonge Street **R. F. PIEPER** Opposite Carlton St.



Have you seen those elegant and beautiful little Boys' Suits at the Palace Clothing House? If you have not do not miss the sight, for in our Boys' Clothing Department you will find the choicest styles and patterns to be seen in this country, and you will be very hard to please if you are unable to make a selection from our large and varied stock.

P. JAMIESON, cor. Yonge and Queen Sts., Toronto



NEW CARPETS

CURTAINS

RUGS, MATS, OILCLOTHS

HOUSEKEEPERS—Can find in our stock every requisite for first class furnishing. Our stock may not be the largest, but we consider it the most tastefully selected and lowest priced in Toronto.

BEST BRUSSELS, 5-8 BORDER TO MATCH—Newest designs from best English makers.

BRUSSELS IN LAST SEASON'S PATTERNS—Without borders, are being cleared at 90c. and \$1 a yard.

THE ENTERPRISE WILTON—Heavy, Soft and Rich—among other new and beautiful designs, is particularly worthy of notice.

BEST TAPESTRIES IN VELVET AND BRUSSELS DESIGNS—Also a new lot of Hall patterns.

RUGS, MATS, ART SQUARES, STAIR PADS.

NOVELTIES IN CURTAINS—Turcoman for Portieres, double width, all colors.

LACE AND FANCY LIGHT CURTAINS—Velours, Swiss, Irish, Point and Guipure.

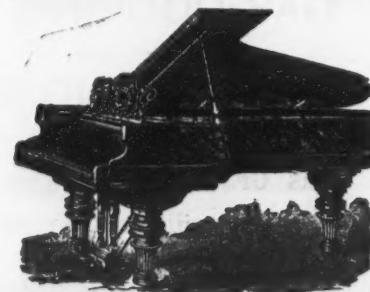
POLES, RODS, WINDOW SHADES, Etc.

R. WALKER & SONS, King St. East

DOMINION PIANO
1ST IN TONE
IN TOUCH
IN SWEETNESS
IN DURABILITY
SOLE AGENCY.
TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC.
J.S. POWLEY & CO.
68 KING ST. WEST.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO.'S
HIGH-CLASS PIANOS

Unequalled in Elegance of
Construction and Beauty
of Finish.



Easy and Sympathetic
Touch, Firmness and
Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO